

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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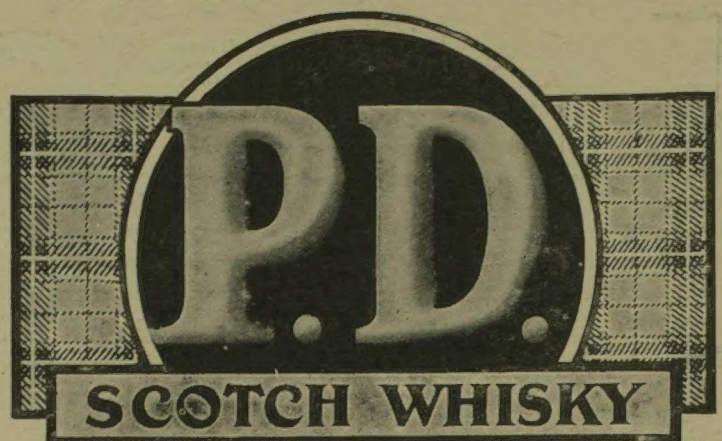
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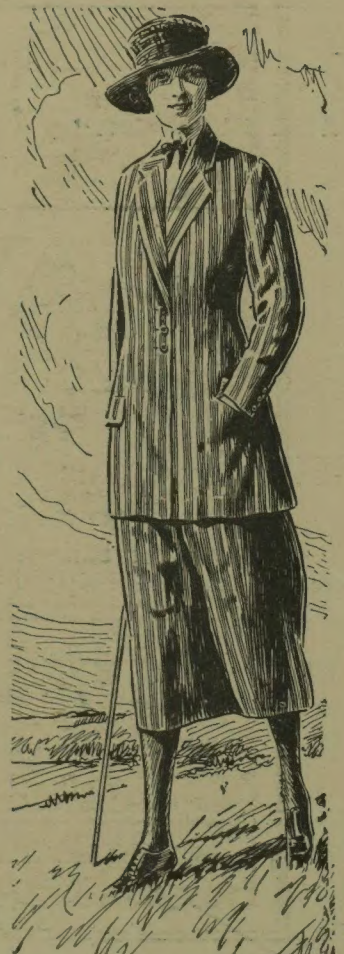
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1922.

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## TO FORM MAGNIFICENT NEW QUARTERS FOR AMERICAN FREEMASONRY: THE GEORGE WASHINGTON MASONIC NATIONAL MEMORIAL—THE DESIGN FOR THE PORTICO.

The George Washington Masonic National Memorial is to be built at Alexandria, Virginia, six miles from Washington, on the road to Mount Vernon. When completed it will be a magnificent monument. The cost of the building and

grounds will exceed two million dollars. The main entrance, shown above, is to be a portico with six great columns of pure Greek Doric design. Further illustrations and particulars are given on a later page in this number.

FROM AN OFFICIAL ARCHITECT'S PERSPECTIVE SUPPLIED BY HAMILTON M. WRIGHT, NEW YORK.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I DO not quite know why the newspapers have been so careful to announce the opinions, intentions, and voyage round the world of Miss Jane Burr, daughter of the millionaire family of Guggenheim, and enthusiast for trousers and various other rather depressing modern objects. But, since her views are considered to be worth announcing, I think they should be also considered as worth answering. I am inclined to think that a certain amount of real harm is done, to weak-minded and ill-informed people, by

them at all. Here again I have not the least desire to be unfair to her, but this is the only meaning I can make out of her reply. It was to the effect that she would "let them alone"; that children could learn anything that interested them without assistance, so long as they had something which she called "plenty of raw material"; and that with this they should be left to "work out their own destinies." She made, indeed, one extraordinary exception—heaven knows why. There was one thing for which she was apparently ready to use authority, and perhaps even coercion. Anyhow, there was only one thing she was going to "insist on," and that was a course of lessons in typewriting and shorthand. I cannot imagine why a child should be left alone in the matter of learning to talk, and not left alone in the matter of learning to type. I cannot understand why an infant who has had no assistance in dressing himself, or learning the alphabet, or reading the clock, or behaving in a presentable fashion in civilised society, should nevertheless be subject to such brooding and vigilant care that he may be able to take down political speeches in a note-book.

Now, most people know that, if children were thus left alone to work out their destinies, they would often be very uncomfortable destinies, and they would work them out with considerable rapidity. It would doubtless be a very sublime destiny to fall off Shakespeare's Cliff, after an innocent game during a holiday at Dover. It would doubtless be a destiny as flamboyant as that of Joan of Arc to fall into the fire through incautiously clambering on the fender. And it is logically possible, in the abstract of course, that this philosophy may find in deaths so glorious something sympathetic to its own exalted pessimism. If the children ought never to have been created, perhaps it is better that they should be destroyed. If the world is too hard on children, perhaps the child had better discover it as soon as possible, by falling off Shakespeare's Cliff and estimating the hardness of Dover Beach. If the world is too hard for children, perhaps it is a minor matter that the fire is too hot for children. But I cannot think that Miss Burr really carries her hostility to creation to this length. I cannot suppose that

her leaving them alone is merely despair, or that the destiny she leaves them to is merely death. I am driven to suppose, as the most decent and friendly supposition, that she really does think that children could safely be left alone with destiny and raw material—or, in other words, that they can be trusted to Nature to grow up as happy creatures of the earth. But in that case she only saves her common humanity at the expense of her consistency. If children are so happy that they can live without danger and learn without trouble, why in the world is it cruel to create children? If Nature herself is so kind a mother, why should anybody be so pessimistic as to shrink from motherhood? The truth is that, whenever modern thought wants to shrink from motherhood, it will use pessimism as an excuse. And then, when it wants to shrink from the responsibility of religious education, it will be just as ready to use optimism as an excuse. The world will be too hard or too soft; Nature will be a mother or a monster; everything will be good, bad, or indifferent, according to the mere moods and whims of a few wealthy people. Childhood will be too bad to be endured and too good to be educated.

If journalism is really going to scatter all this scatterbrained sort of philosophy like seed, if it is really going to broadcast this remarkable sort of broad-mindedness, it will be necessary, in the interests of the weaker brethren, to keep up some sort of running commentary on it, of which I have given merely an example above. The words I have quoted from the American lady were, in the most essential sense, random words. It may be that she would be quite horrified at some of the results deducible from her

statements. But they are deducible from her statements. I do not suppose she considered for a moment what is really involved in saying that she would not on any account create a child in so hard a world. (I am slightly amused, by the way, by the particular expression used; the super-parent of the sublime future claims to create children, where the timid and superstitious parents of the past were content to procreate them.) But I am not here criticising her claim to create, but her claim to destroy. And I repeat that it is quite possible that she really has no notion that it is a claim to destroy. It is more reasonable, and certainly more respectful, to suppose that she really has no notion of what she is talking about. She does not see that her idle words imply pessimism, and that pessimism implies annihilation. She abandons the pessimism at the next turn of talk, and contemplates children as cherubs playing in such perfect fields of paradise that they need nothing to complete their happiness except a lesson on the typewriter. They will grow up so easily among a thousand things which interest them that their felicity cannot be crowned with anything short of shorthand.

And as it is with her pessimism about children, so it is doubtless with her paganism about wives. She does not follow out the philosophical consequences of what seems to her the simple remark that we should only be faithful to those we love. She does not apply it, for instance, to a soldier serving under a stupid general, or doing his best to repair the blunders of a bad Government. Logically, her argument would imply that the soldier should immediately desert to the enemy, and then call the desertion an act of "absolute faithfulness to the chosen flag." She does not realise that every institution that has to look to future generations, whether it be the nation or the family, has undertaken a responsibility which cannot possibly be made merely dependent upon moods and feelings. Those moods and feelings may very properly produce poems, but they cannot possibly produce communities and constructive schemes for other people. On the



IN MEMORY OF 150,000 MEN WHO FELL IN THE ARGONNE: THE MONUMENT OF LA HAUTE CHEVAUCHÉE RECENTLY UNVEILED.

At the recent unveiling of a monument to the 150,000 men who fell in the Argonne during the war, an address was delivered by M. Poincaré. On it will be engraved the names of 275 French regiments, 18 Italian, and 32 American divisions which fought there.—[Photograph by C.N.]

the habit of the journalists of printing all sorts of crude suggestions without any counter-suggestions. Large numbers of newspaper-readers are extraordinarily lacking in intellectual independence. They will believe that the moon is made of green cheese until it is officially contradicted. All that is necessary is that somebody should be reported in the papers, under a head-line, as wondering whether it might not be made of green cheese, after all. In the present case it is rather the world we live in that is represented as a very mouldy cheese indeed, and one crawling with maggots. But it is quite possible that ignorant and sensitive people might be affected by that green and crawling nightmare, when the description of it is thus given without comment, let alone criticism. I can quite understand anyone saying that such things are not worth criticising; but in that case they are not worth printing.

I think it is just as well, therefore, that somebody should contradict Miss Jane Burr's opinions; but, so far as I can make out, they seem to contradict each other. She began by telling an interviewer that she was through with marriage, that marriage was unendurable, and that as soon as married people ceased to love they ought to part. This, by some code of language I cannot quite follow, she herself describes as "absolute faithfulness to the chosen mate." However that may be, she was then not unnaturally asked by the interviewer what would become of the children under her ideal system. To this she answered lucidly and definitely that there would not be any children. At least, that is the only sense I can make of her reported reply, which ran: "I wouldn't create a child for anything on earth. The world is too hard on children." Then, as if by an after-thought, she mentioned that she was about to adopt no less than ten children; and, when asked how she would educate them, she replied in effect that she would not educate



A GREAT FRENCH POET-DRAMATIST COMMEMORATED AT THE HOME OF HIS BOYHOOD: THE NEW ROSTAND MONUMENT AT LUCHON.

This bust of Edmond Rostand, author of "L'Aiglon," "Cyrano de Bergerac," and "Chantecler," was recently unveiled at Luchon, in the Pyrenees, where his boyhood was spent.—[Photograph by Benoist.]

one side is the individual life and its passions and affections, which has its own reasonable claim and importance; on the other is something entirely different, which is the duty of human beings to hand on—the permanent possibilities of human culture and citizenship. For that purpose it is emphatically not true that love is enough; it is necessary to have something that is, if possible, even greater than love, and of which the name is loyalty.

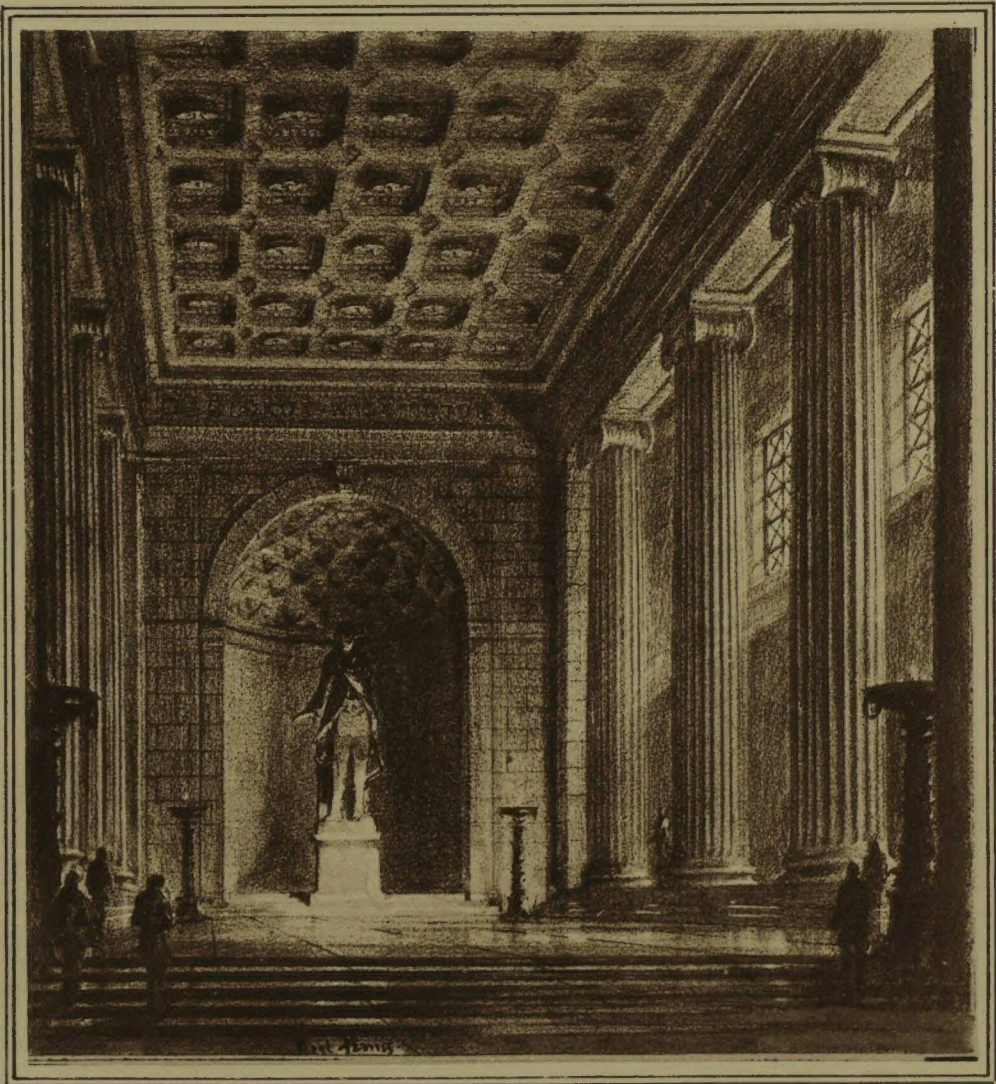


U.S. FREEMASONRY: A GREAT MEMORIAL TO GEORGE WASHINGTON.

FROM OFFICIAL ARCHITECT'S PERSPECTIVES SUPPLIED BY HAMILTON M. WRIGHT, NEW YORK.

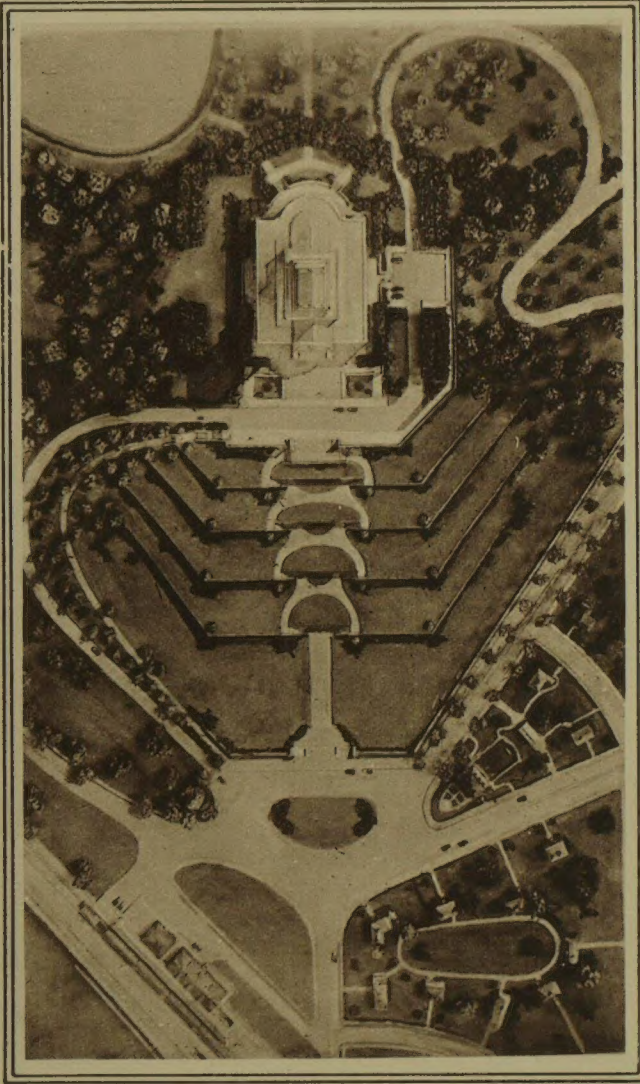


FORMING A GREAT TOWER LIKE THOSE BUILT BY THE ANCIENT GREEKS AND ROMANS AT HARBOUR ENTRANCES TO GUIDE MARINERS: THE GENERAL DESIGN FOR THE GEORGE WASHINGTON MASONIC NATIONAL MEMORIAL TO BE ERECTED AT ALEXANDRIA, VA.



TO BE THE ACTUAL MEMORIAL OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, "THE MAN AND THE MASON": THE DESIGN FOR THE STATUE IN THE CENTRAL ATRIUM.

In view of the projected scheme for a new headquarters of English Freemasonry, especial interest will be taken in this country in the illustrations given above and on the front page of this number, showing the architects' designs for the great George Washington Masonic National Memorial to be erected at Alexandria, Va., near Washington. "It will be primarily," says Mr. Hamilton M. Wright, "a memorial to George Washington, the Man and the Mason. Its form is inspired by the ancient watch-towers of Greece and Rome which were set at the entrances of the harbours, and from whose summits constantly burning



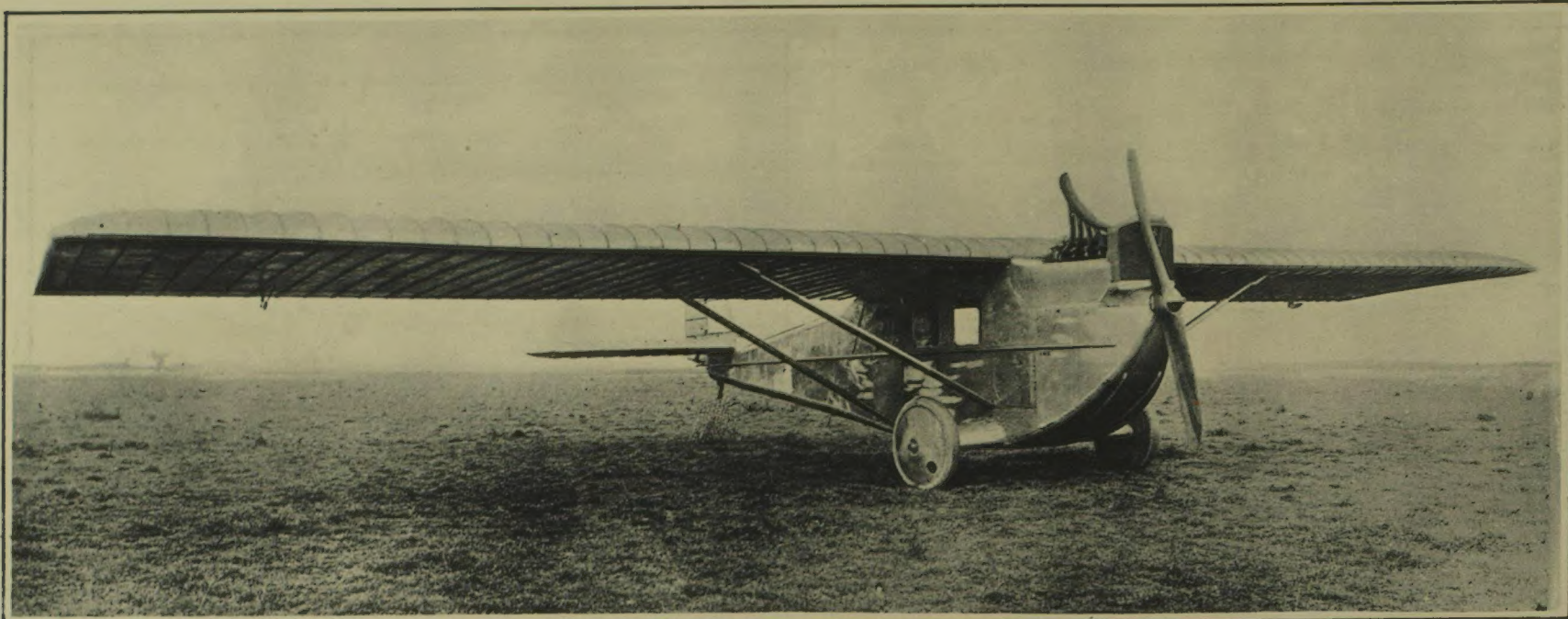
SHOWING THE SCHEME FOR SEVEN TERRACES LEADING UP TO THE BUILDING: A GROUND PLAN.

flares guided the mariner. So, too, the lofty tower will represent the guiding spirit of Washington which furnishes the light by which the Ship of State may direct its course. Rising 200 ft. above its base, the Memorial will be in plain view of Washington, D.C. In the heart of the building will be a great atrium, and in an arched recess the Memorial itself, an imposing statue of George Washington. Above the Memorial Hall, and forming the second storey of the tower, will be the museum. This will house many interesting relics of Washington's service as Master of the Alexandria-Washington Lodge."

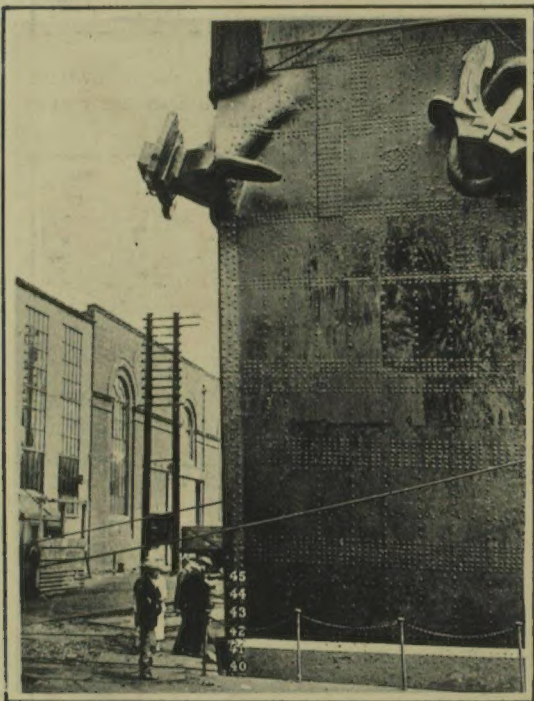


# METAL 'PLANES; THE "BERENGARIA"; MOTOR-CYCLING; A COLLISION.

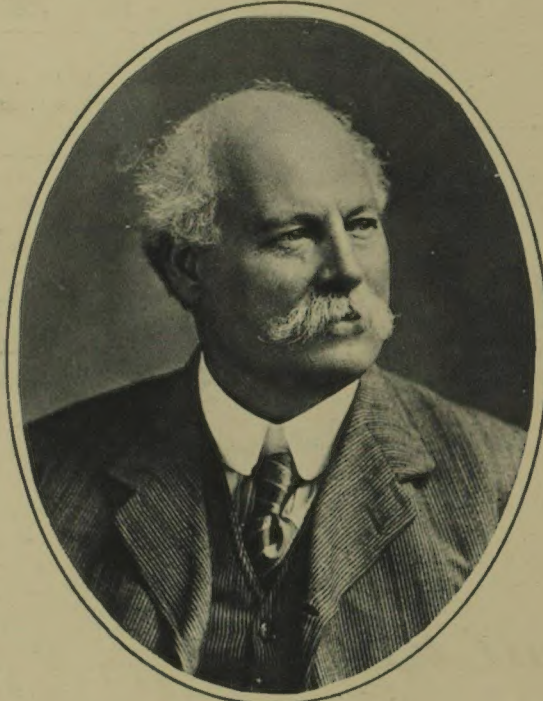
PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., RUSSELL, AND TOPICAL.



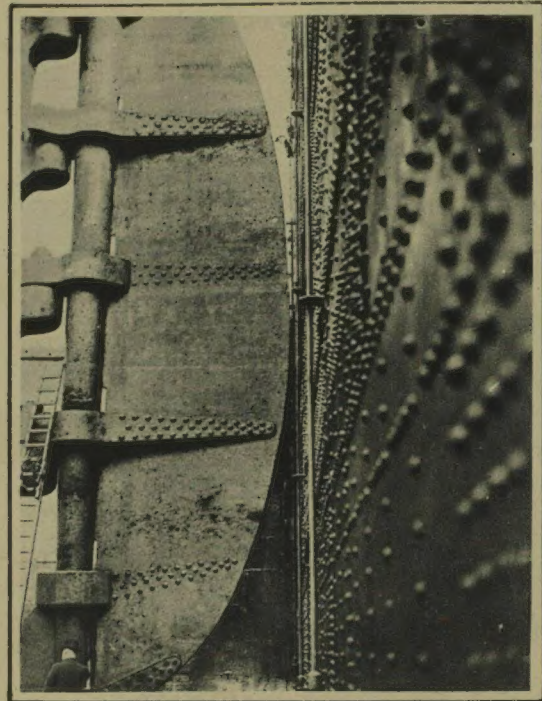
THE COMING OF THE ALL-METAL AEROPLANE, SOME EXAMPLES OF WHICH ARE TO BE INCLUDED IN THE AIR MINISTRY'S NEW SCHEME OF HOME DEFENCE: A TYPE OF RECENT DESIGN—THE DORNIER PLANE, MADE OF STEEL AND DURALUMIN.



WITH HER BOWS ONLY A FEW INCHES FROM THE END: THE "BERENGARIA" IN DRY DOCK—A TIGHT FIT.



THE DESIGNER OF THE QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL: THE LATE SIR THOMAS BROCK, R.A., THE SCULPTOR.



ONLY A FEW INCHES TO SPARE AT THE STERN: THE "BERENGARIA" IN DRY DOCK—THE RUDDER.



A SEVERE TEST OF THE SIDE-CAR'S HILL-CLIMBING POWERS: COMPETITORS ASCENDING ROSEDALE BANK DURING THE A.C.U. MOTOR-CYCLE TRIALS.

The all-metal aeroplane is thought by some to be the machine of the future, and various types, including that illustrated above, have been produced both here and abroad. It was stated recently that some all-metal machines are to be built for the Air Ministry, under the new £2,000,000 expansion scheme for home defence, in connection with which about £300,000 is to be spent immediately. The Air Ministry has since announced, however, that it does not yet intend to construct all-metal machines in any quantity.—The great Cunarder "Berengaria" was recently docked after damaging one of her propellers at sea. She is the largest ship ever put into dry dock, and only just fitted into it, with an inch or two to spare at each end.—The A.C.U. six-day motor-cycle trials opened with a 180-mile



AFTER THE MILTON RANGE HALT COLLISION NEAR GRAVESEND: PART OF THE TRAIN THAT OVERHUNG THE CANAL PUSHED INTO THE WATER TO CLEAR THE LINE.

run from York to Buxton, during which Rosedale Bank on the Yorkshire moors, with an extremely rough surface, proved a severe test.—Sir Thomas Brock, the famous sculptor, who died in London on August 22, was born in 1847 near Worcester, where he received his early training. His chief work was the Queen Victoria Memorial, which won him his knighthood in 1911.—Three men were killed and 59 injured in a two-fold accident, due to fog, on the S.E. and C.R. at Milton Range Halt, near Gravesend, on August 21, when one workmen's train ran into another that had been delayed owing to passengers alighting from it being run over by an engine while crossing the other rails. Part of the wreckage overhung the canal and was pushed into the water to clear the line.

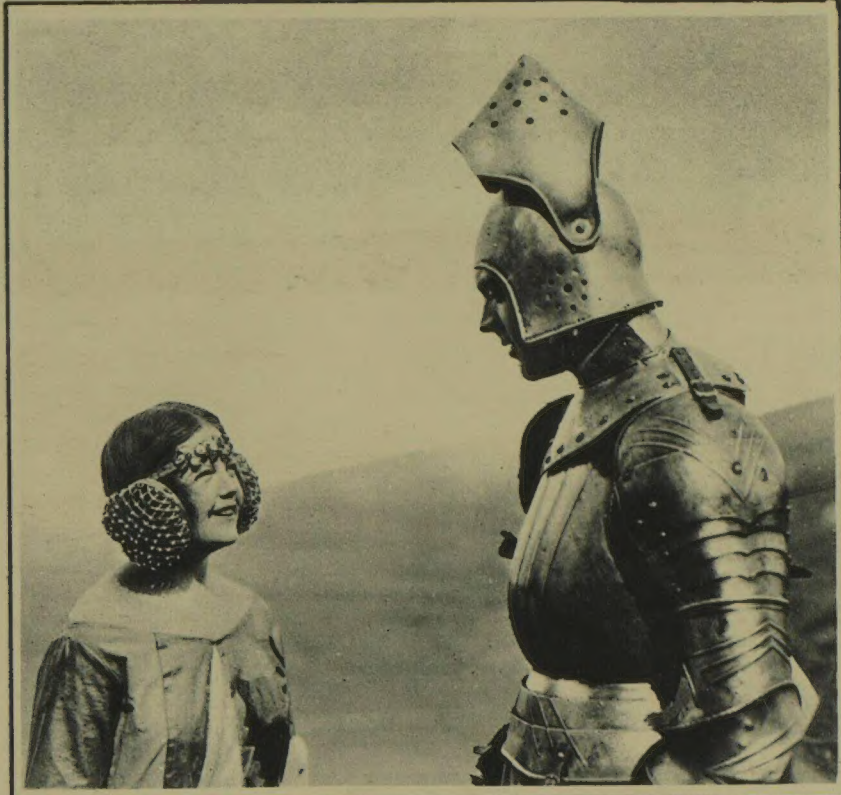


# FROM HARLECH CASTLE TO SMYRNA: "LLOYD GEORGE" POPULARITY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.



THE PREMIER'S WIFE AND DAUGHTER IN THE HARLECH PAGEANT: DAME MARGARET LLOYD GEORGE (RIGHT) AS LADY GLYNDWR; AND MISS MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE.



THE PREMIER'S SON AS A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY WELSH WARRIOR: MAJOR GWILYM LLOYD GEORGE AND HIS SISTER MEGAN AS LORD AND LADY EDMUND MORTIMER.



THE PRIME MINISTER'S POPULARITY IN ASIA MINOR: A BANNER IN A PROCESSION TO THE BRITISH CONSULATE AT SMYRNA.

In the historical pageant at Harlech Castle, opened on August 21 by the Archbishop of Wales, the Premier's wife, Dame Margaret Lloyd George, impersonated Lady Glyndwr, wife of Owain Glyndwr, known to Shakespeare as Owen Glendower. Major Gwilym Lloyd George, the Premier's second son, and Miss Megan Lloyd George, his younger daughter, appeared as Lord and Lady Edmund Mortimer. Dame Margaret wore a crimson tunic lined with ermine and emblazoned with the gold lions of the Glyndwr arms, a blue-and-silver train, a silver cloak with blue lions, and a crown studded with rubies and diamonds. Her daughter's dress was



GARLANDED AND BORNE IN PROCESSION AT SMYRNA: A PORTRAIT OF MR. LLOYD GEORGE, WHOSE SPEECH ON ASIA MINOR WON FAVOUR THERE.

red and white, with a head-dress of gold network studded with jewels. The scene—one of nine episodes enacted—was the assembly of Owain Glyndwr's Parliament at Harlech Castle in 1405. It was arranged by Professor J. E. Lloyd. The Premier's recent pronouncement on Asia Minor won much favour at Smyrna, where a mass meeting was held to march to the British Consulate to offer thanks for what Britain is doing for the people of the country. The streets and ships in the harbour were decorated for the occasion, and the Premier's portrait was carried in procession.



# UNDER THE KNIFE.

By PHILIP GUEDALLA.

## V.—THE RIGHT HON. LORDS ROBERT AND HUGH CECIL.

THE English (one almost shrinks from the platitude) are unswerving devotees of heredity. There can be no other explanation of the vast majority of their appointments to those positions of national eminence and responsibility which go in less enlightened foreign communities to the highest bidder or even (in extreme cases) by merit. The first question which rises to the

orthodoxies which other men spend a lifetime to get together. It is a pleasing panorama in which promotion runs on the easy wheels of a political novel by Disraeli (a friend of the family), and public applause escorts the fortunate descendant in his easy transit from Hatfield to Westminster Abbey.

The engaging picture charms, and one turns eagerly to discern its bright colours and graceful outline against the grey distances of contemporary politics. But at the cold touch of reality the vision seems to fade. No young Cecil flings back the curls from his pale, hereditary brow or buckles the Garter round a youthful leg. There are no cheering crowds in Arlington Street when the fourth Marquess goes down to the House of Lords; and close observers have seen Lord Robert speak to quite common people. England has still hereditary statesmen, but their names are apt to be Chamberlain; and young noblemen are still to be found in public life, but they are frequently called Harmsworth. A search for Cecils takes one into the oddest places; little earnest groups rally round their name, as though they were mere ardent persons with ideas, without a home at Hatfield. Something seems strangely wrong with the Cecil tradition. It almost looks as though heredity had been discarded for intelligence.

Yet one might perhaps have suspected it from the early career of Lord Salisbury. That fierce young man with black hair drove a way into public life with the cutting edge of a keen pen and a bitter tongue, when he might have walked quietly up to the front door and sent in his card. But he subsided in his later years into the calm, traditional air of hereditary statesmanship and nepotism; and if he left sons, one might expect them to step easily into the great inheritance. All or nearly all of them served at one time or another as his private secretary. It was a mild apprenticeship for office; and one looks to see them glide imperceptibly up the ladder of public promotion without the vulgar need of

ever getting out of breath. But it never happened; and one is faced with the unaccountable spectacle of two Cecils in opposition to a Conservative administration, with Lord Hugh as a lonely voice denouncing reaction and Lord Robert as the rising hope of the stern, unbending Radicals.

It is a queer result. Yet it seems to follow almost naturally from the temper of Lord Salisbury's younger sons. They were never (perhaps it is a reproach to Eton and University College) such stuff as Under-Secretaries are made of. There is an odd, tangential quality in their thinking which does not form part of any public school curriculum; and they have carried independence to a point beyond the limits of its recognised utility for showing off the paces of young politicians. If they had been true to tradition, they should have steadied, after a few years of political escapades, into sober placemen. A straight, smooth road to public office lay in front of them. But when they travelled it, queer, intangible things called principles seemed to deflect their course, to send them shying into the hedges; and the hopes of their family became an anxiety to Party Whips. Born, as it seemed, to officiate among the incense in the inner shrine of politics, they took to the hills and preferred to peer down into the plains from the cave of Adullam.

Something of their deviation from the broad and easy road was due to their inheritance from Lord Salisbury. They took from him their name and with it the automatic applause of respectful British audiences. But they seemed to take also his astounding capacity for invective, which had earned the distrust of Mr. Disraeli for the "master of gibes and flouts and jeers," and sent his sons out into public life to denounce their enemies in terms that were

sometimes a trifle shrill. A party will acquiesce in the smooth succession of an heir-apparent if he is content to present his heredity as the sole title to his new estate. But if he insists on making a reputation for himself like any *novus homo*, the tenantry becomes suspicious, forgets to pull its forelock, and leaves him the hard portion which is reserved for younger sons. Lord Hugh first, and then Lord Robert, displayed a dangerous inheritance of ability; and Conservative loyalists turned regretfully to the newer dynasty of Birmingham.

But the true quality of the reigning Cecils has something more in it than a harsh echo of the old invective of 1866. Their stubborn Churchmanship, the queer, impassioned advocacy of the cause of women, and the sudden call which sent Lord Robert crusading in the name of international peace are symptoms of a deeper element. One has grown so accustomed, in an age of political agnostics, to advocates whose advocacy goes no deeper than the measures or the men whose claim they are pressing that there is something almost startling in a pair of politicians whose views are founded upon principle. The English are always suspicious of generalisations. French statesmen found themselves upon the fundamental Rights of Man; but an Englishman rarely looks deeper than the immediate section of the Bill before the House. To that extent two Cecils at least are surprisingly un-English. They have a strange grasp of general ideas and an odd capacity for feeling enthusiasm about principles. It is a taste which has rarely carried a man to high office.

That temper, with something of French logic, sent Lord Robert riding to the "dark tower" of the Peace Conference. He took the cross in an odd international crusade for peace; and he found his allies in places where Cecils normally look for their enemies. The League of Nations Union is the singular creation of his energy, and it rallies to a name which one might have expected to stand for all that it most condemns in the *ancien régime* of Europe. His leadership is unexpected and a little violent. Adherence to principles



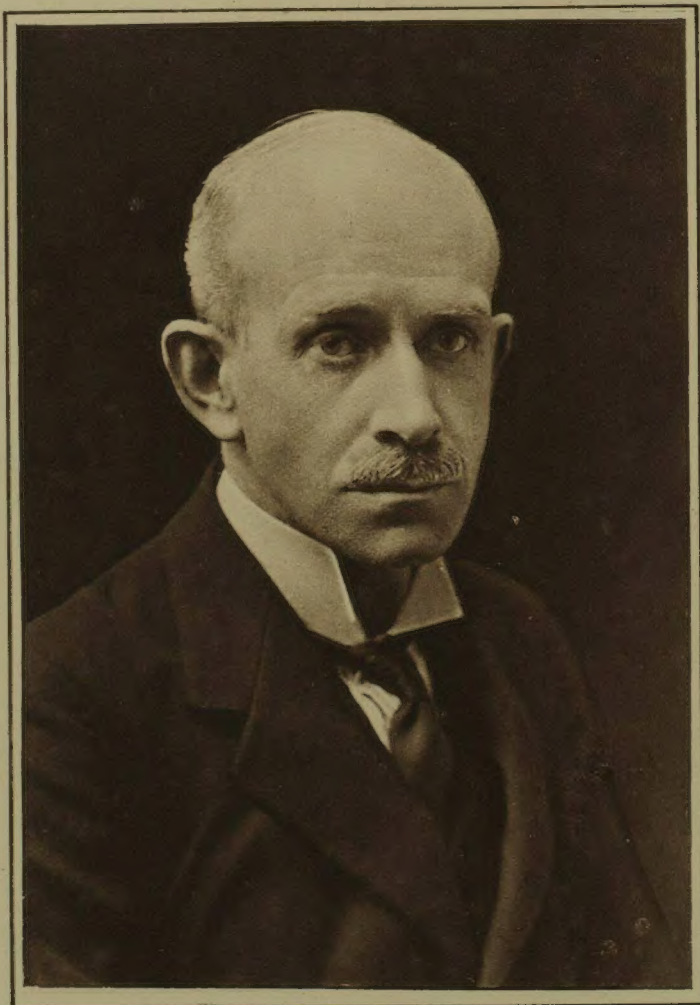
LORD ROBERT CECIL.

Photograph by Lafayette.

lips of a bewildered public confronted, as it sometimes is, by a new name is who his father was. The proudest moment of a British mother is when her son displays, by eminence in prize-winning or field-sports, that he takes after Uncle Jim. And one inclines to the belief that the Darwinian hypothesis was taken to the broad Victorian bosom because it satisfied in a way the national craving for tracing family resemblances. It is the local form of the human impulse which drives the Chinaman to ancestor-worship and the American to overcrowd the *Mayflower* with congested forebears.

The taste for parents, which turns in foreigners to idle sentiment, is put by the British system to a practical use. It is the first and simplest test of statesmanship. If a man has a father, one may rely on him. If he has a grandfather, one may return him unopposed. If he has two (and the case is not unknown), an early Under-Secretaryship is assured. There is something singularly comforting about a rule of thumb. The French public, faced with a Danton or a Gambetta, is driven by the poverty of its tradition to a laborious process of experiment, of apprenticeship, and final acceptance. But British opinion could have placed them in half an hour if anyone could have told it (the task would not be easy) who their fathers were.

Judged by these simple tests, Cecils start in the race from somewhere about half-way down the course. They have, they have always had a father. Grandparents in profusion invisibly introduce them to a respectful public, and somewhere in the shadows Lord Burleigh waves a portentous hand and mutters a testimonial from Queen Elizabeth. One could hardly wish for more. Their name, as Louis Napoleon (a vulgar person who had only an uncle) said of his own, is "a policy in itself"; and their careers might naturally be expected to follow a becoming upward curve. The ideal Cecil should commence on the playing-fields of Eton. At the university (his choice is obvious) he should punctuate a meteoric career at the Union with hunting accidents; and, emerging early into public life, he should subjugate British opinion at twenty-four with an accumulation of



LORD HUGH CECIL.

Photograph by Russell, London.

is not infrequently accompanied by a sound dislike of persons; and the sheeplike people who find Lord Robert a shade quixotic must not complain if, like Don Quixote, he occasionally rides them down.

There, in an odd position, one leaves two of Lord Salisbury's sons. With something of his bitterness and all his wit, they have a truer perception of the times in which they live and (rarest of all qualities in British public life) they are quite immovably honest.



# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., FARRINGTON PHOTO CO., G.P.A., LAFAYETTE, ELLIOTT AND FRY, I.B., AND ETHEL CAVE.



REPORTED KILLED IN BATTLE AGAINST BOKHARA BOLSHEVISTS: ENVER PASHA.



RETAINING HIS TITLE AS CHESS CHAMPION OF THE WORLD: SENOR JOSE CAPABLANCA; WITH HIS WIFE.



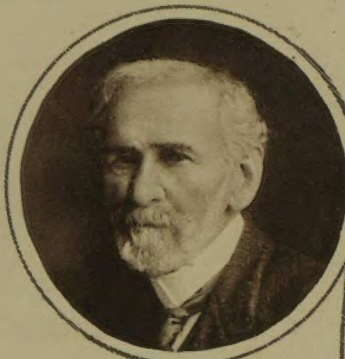
DISTRESSED AUSTRIA'S PRESENT POLITICAL LEADER: DR. SEIPEL.



LEAVING THE COURT WHERE HER HUSBAND WAS CHARGED: MRS. G. L. BEVAN.



A PEER OF 32 WHOSE SUCCESSOR IS 94: THE LATE VISCOUNT EXMOUTH.



A DELIGHTFUL WRITER ON NATURAL HISTORY: THE LATE MR. W. H. HUDSON.



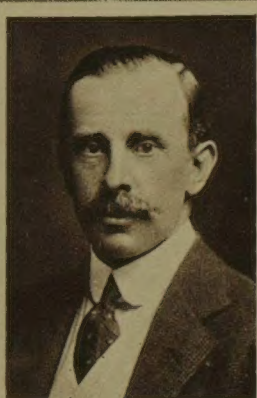
A GREAT TRAGIC ACTRESS: THE LATE DAME GENEVIEVE WARD.



A FAMOUS EDUCATOR WHO HAS BEEN LOST IN THE ALPS NEAR CHAMONIX: DR. SOPHIE BRYANT.



APPOINTED GOVERNOR OF KENYA COLONY: SIR ROBERT T. CORYNDON.



THE NEW CHAIRMAN OF LLOYDS BANK: MR. J. W. BEAUMONT PEASE.



RECENTLY UNDER A SERIOUS OPERATION: MR. T. A. LEWIS, LIBERAL WHIP.



SENT TO BERLIN BY THE REPARATIONS COMMISSION: SIR JOHN BRADBURY.

Enver Pasha, the pro-German Turk, who last February went to Bokhara as a Soviet emissary, afterwards turned anti-Bolshevist, and proclaimed himself Emir of Turkestan. A Moscow report of the 18th said he had been killed in battle there.—Senor Capablanca remains Chess Champion of the World as a result of the international chess congress at the Central Hall, Westminster.—Dr. Seipel, the Austrian Chancellor, recently started on a political mission to Prague, Berlin, and Rome. He was Professor of Theology at Vienna University, and is the first priest to become Chief Minister in Austria. He is the leader of the Christian Socialists.—Lord Exmouth, who was only 32, served in the war as a flying officer. Descended from the famous Admiral Sir Edward Pellew, he is

succeeded by his cousin, Mr. H. E. Pellew, who is 94.—Mr. W. H. Hudson, whose early life was spent in the Argentine, first made his mark as a nature writer with his "Naturalist in La Plata" (1892). He wrote numerous other books on nature both in England and South America.—Dame Genevieve Ward, the veteran Shakespearean actress, was born at New York in 1837.—Dr. Sophie Bryant was for 23 years Head-Mistress of the North London Collegiate School for Girls. She was the first woman to take the London degree of Doctor of Science.—Sir R. T. Coryndon was previously Governor of Uganda.—Mr. T. A. Lewis is Parliamentary Secretary to the Secretary for Air.—Sir John Bradbury arrived in Berlin on August 20.



# THE KING WEARING THE KILT: IN SCOTLAND WITH THE QUEEN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



THE ROYAL ARRIVAL IN SCOTLAND: THE KING INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE 1ST BATT. HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY AT BALLATER STATION.



ROYAL INTEREST IN A WELL-KNOWN SCOTTISH CHARITABLE INSTITUTION: THEIR MAJESTIES AT ABERLOUR ORPHANAGE—  
A HALT ON THE WAY FROM BALMORAL TO MOY HALL.

The King and Queen arrived on August 19 at Balmoral Castle, where the Court will be in residence for about two months. At Ballater Station, the King's Guard of Honour, provided by the 1st Battalion Highland Light Infantry, was under the command of Captain Walter P. Stewart. At Balmoral their Majesties were received by the Royal Highlanders under Major J. D. Ramsay, Court officials, tenants, and servants of the Royal estate. On the 21st the King and Queen motored from the Castle to Moy Hall, Inverness-shire, on a visit to The Mackintosh

and Mrs. Mackintosh. During his stay there the King arranged to shoot over the famous Moy Hall moors. On the way to Moy Hall, a halt was made at Aberlour Orphanage, a home on Speyside for 500 orphans and destitute children, and the Royal visitors were conducted over the building and grounds by the Warden, Canon Jenks. The children sang the "Veterans' Song" and the National Anthem, and the Queen was presented with a bouquet of sweet peas. On leaving, their Majesties visited Ballindalloch Castle for luncheon with Sir George Macpherson Grant.



## AUGUST SHOOTING STARS: THE EARTH CROSSING THE "PERSEIDS."

FROM THE DRAWING BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S. (SEE PAGE 330.)



TRAVELLING THROUGH SPACE FOR UNTOLD ÆONS AND REDUCED TO POWDER ON CONTACT WITH OUR ATMOSPHERE:  
HOW THE PERSEIDS PRODUCE THE "SHOOTING STARS" EVERY AUGUST.

The earth in its orbit has just made its annual passage through the Perseids, through that dense swarm of star fragments, iron and stone debris of a disintegrated body, which cross its path through space and with which it collides once a year. Known popularly as the August "shooting stars," the "Perseids" are so named as emanating from the constellation Perseus, which is visible midway between the horizon and the zenith towards midnight by Greenwich time. We have just emerged from them. The earth strikes the swarm on or about July 8, traverses

the densest part on or about August 10, and reaches the other side on August 22. Billions of the fragments are swept up in the passage, ranging from a pin's head to a marble in size. Friction with our atmosphere makes them burn like a rocket, and reduces them to powder which finally settles down on the earth's surface as dust. All attempts to photograph the swarm before reaching our atmosphere have failed. An article on shooting stars appears on another page.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada. C.A.]



# THE BEVAN CASE: THE FINANCIER'S RETURN UNDER ARREST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRINGTON PHOTO CO., L.N.A., AND TOPICAL.



THE TRAIN JOURNEY ACROSS GERMANY: MR. BEVAN BUYING FRUIT AT A WAYSIDE STATION.



CROSSING FROM CUXHAVEN TO SOUTHAMPTON: MR. BEVAN (RIGHT) ON DECK WITH A DETECTIVE.



A BITTER HOMECOMING: MR. BEVAN (CENTRE) LEAVING WATERLOO STATION IN CHARGE OF DETECTIVES AND POLICE.



A PATHETIC FIGURE: MISS BEVAN, DAUGHTER OF THE FINANCIER, WAITING TO MEET HER FATHER AT SOUTHAMPTON.

On February 8, Mr. Gerard Lee Bevan, then Chairman of the City Equitable Fire Insurance Company, Ltd., suddenly left England by aeroplane. His disappearance took place immediately after the failure of the Company was announced. A warrant for his arrest was issued on February 24, but for four months, though his passports had been impounded meanwhile, all efforts by the English and Continental police failed to trace him. Finally he was run down at a hotel in Vienna, passing as "Léon Vernier," a French artist, "a gentleman of Paris, born at Lille." He was arrested on June 18, for failing to report himself as a foreigner to the Vienna police, after a tussle with two

Austrian detectives. Naturally a fair-haired man, he had disguised himself by dyeing his hair black and growing a beard. He admitted his identity shortly afterwards. Extradition proceedings were temporarily delayed by the financier's committal to prison at Vienna for his assault on the detectives and false registration. On August 14, in the custody of English and foreign detectives, he started for London, via Cuxhaven and Southampton. Arriving at Southampton on August 17, he was allowed a short interview with his daughter before the train journey to London. He was finally lodged in Moor Lane Police Court in the City, in order to be brought up at the Guildhall on the following day.



## A CASE LIKELY TO BE HISTORIC: MR. GERARD LEE BEVAN CHARGED.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER.



THE ARRESTED FINANCIER IN THE DOCK: MR. BEVAN'S FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE GUILDHALL POLICE COURT.

Mr. Gerard Lee Bevan made his first appearance to meet the charges against him, at the Guildhall Police Court, on August 18. The proceedings were formal and preliminary, and lasted less than a quarter of an hour. Mr. Bevan, on entering the dock, made a slight bow to the presiding Alderman, and then stood, as seen here, with one hand down at his side and the other resting on the ledge of the railing in front. His wife was present in court. In the charge sheet he was described as fifty-two years old, and a stockbroker. The six charges against him were: (1, 2, and 3) Publishing a false balance-sheet of the

City Equitable Fire Insurance, Ltd., in 1919, 1920, and 1921; (4) Publishing a prospectus containing false statements in respect to the City Equitable Associated, Ltd., in 1921; (5) Fraudulent conversion of money; (6) Obtaining money by false pretences from persons who were induced to take shares in the City Equitable Fire Insurance Co., Ltd., and City Equitable Associated, Ltd., by means of the afore-mentioned false balance-sheets and prospectus. On being remanded for a week, Mr. Bevan, owing to the state of his health, was taken to Brixton Prison in a taxicab.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the U.S.A. and Canada.—C.R.]



# "MAISONS-TOURS" TO SOLVE THE HOUSING-PROBLEM IN PARIS—AND A NEW YORK MODEL.

DRAWING BY JACQUES LAMBERT, FROM SKETCHES BY THE ARCHITECT AUGUSTE PERRET. COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY MAJOR HAMILTON MAXWELL.



AN AVENUE OF TOWER-HOUSES FOR THE FRENCH CAPITAL: THE PERRET SCHEME OF SKY-SCRAPERS FOR CONGESTED PARIS.



THE TALLEST EXISTING SKYSCRAPER: THE 887-4 FEET HIGH, 55-STORY WOOLWORTH BUILDING—AN AIRMAN'S VIEW.

Within the last few months various suggestions have been made in the papers as to the possibilities of erecting extra lofty buildings in London by way of providing accommodation for the surplus population in these overcrowded days. In Paris, the same difficulty has arisen, and various suggestions are being made, all more or less based on the "sky-scraper" idea. The two illustrations here shown are to the point. One is a tentative sketch of an avenue of what are termed "maisons-tours," or tower-houses, put forward as one way of solving the congested population problem in the French capital. The other illustration is an accomplished fact in America, and is an airman's photograph reproduced by way of comparison. It shows the tallest building as yet erected in New York, with surrounding dwelling-houses and sky-scraper offices and flats, in Manhattan quarter, New York, known as the "Woolworth

Building," from the name of its originator, the proprietor of a mammoth fancy-goods emporium. The "Woolworth Building" contains fifty-five floors, and measures in height 887-4 feet, or 244 metres. The Eiffel Tower, in Paris, rose to a height of 984 feet, or 300 metres. In London, "Queen Anne's Mansions," Westminster, now many years old, is our "magnum opus" in the sky-scraper line. M. Auguste Perret, who originated the sketches for the "Maison-Tours," is the distinguished French architect from whose design is now being built the tall-towered memorial church at Raincy (eight miles north-east of Paris), to commemorate the famous automobile feat of September 1914, by which the French force that turned defeat into victory in the Battle of the Marne was transported by means of Parisian taxis from the capital to the critical point of peril.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)



# A DAY AND A NIGHT OF ANCIENT DRESS AND REVELRY:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY



RED COSTUMES ON THE RIGHT, YELLOW ON THE LEFT: NATIVES FORMED UP BEFORE THE PAVILION FOR THE PRESENTATION TO THE GOVERNOR.



ANCIENT SOUTH PACIFIC AND MODERN EUROPEAN: A FESTIVAL DRUMMER IN ANTIQUE GARB; WITH A PRESENT-DAY DRUM.



AS THE EXPLORER CAPTAIN COOK FIRST SAW THE NATIVES WHEN HE

# TAHITI CELEBRATING THE FRENCH NATIONAL FÊTE.

A. AUBERTIN.



WITH TRADITIONAL WORDS AND TUNE: A WOMEN'S CHOIR, OR "HIMENE," (FOREGROUND, RIGHT) CHANTING ALTERNATELY WITH A MEN'S CHOIR (BACKGROUND, LEFT).



DISCOVERED TAHITI: AMONG THE COSTUMED AUDIENCE DURING A DANCE.



IN THE ANCIENT "RAFA" COSTUME, GLEAMING LIKE SILVER, AND WITH A TIARA OF HIBISCUS: A DANCER.

These photographs illustrate the celebration at Tahiti of the French Fête Nationale—the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, the beginning of the Revolution which established the first French Republic—always a day of rejoicing in all French overseas possessions. The particular interest of the display is that it shows in every detail of dance and dress the former-day festivities of the islanders. Ancient songs and steps and tunes, which in localities have persisted since ages ago, and old traditional observances, are revived for the occasion. It is very much as in England in the days just before the war, when so many of our cities and towns with a historic past held pageants representing famous episodes in their local annals, with traditional surroundings and

picturesque accessories of costume and so forth, recalled and represented as nearly as possible to the life. At Tahiti, over the scene, the French Tricolour floated, and tricolour banners decked the pavilion, while the Governor and his entourage attended the spectacle taking place in front of the Governor's residence. In the "Himene," the men are mostly bass voices and the women sopranos. One group chants, and the other, in alternation, responds, while the men at intervals strike in with guttural cries which at times are rather trying. It is said, to European ears and nerves. The festival lasts a day and a night, "himenes" and dances succeeding one another. There is a second night of similar festivity before the Tahitian observance of the Fête Nationale terminates.



## BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

"PRAY, Mr. Pattieson, have you been in Edinburgh?" That question, put by the young barrister, Hardie, to the assistant schoolmaster of Gandercleugh in the first chapter of "The Heart of Midlothian," opened up a discussion that has had far-reaching consequences. It may be said to have founded a tradition in literature, the discovery of personality in the stone and lime of the Scottish capital. For Mr. Pattieson, Mr. Hardie, and Mr. Halkit the solicitor launched out into a brisk capping of puns in the tolerated fashion of wit at that time—yet not without some bashful diffidence even then to excuse their pastime—apropos of the old Edinburgh Tolbooth, nicknamed the Heart of Midlothian. When Mr. Pattieson suggested that the metropolitan county might be said to have a sad heart, Mr. Hardie made haste to add "a close heart and a hard heart," while the solicitor proposed further "a wicked heart and a poor heart." The advocate crowned the work with "a strong heart and a high heart"; and then, having "played all their hearts," they had another lead and went on to discover a consciousness of honour in the old stones.

For the most part, Sir Walter, in his handling of what Henry James would call "the Edinburgh scene," is more strictly objective. The passage in which Scott sees his own romantic town "piled deep and massy, close and high," has its prose counterpart in the thirty-ninth chapter of "Waverley," where the city breaks upon the view of Charles Edward's approaching army. There he is content simply to describe, but in "The Abbot," when Roland Graeme catches his first glimpse of Auld Reekie and exclaims: "This, then, is Edinburgh!" the falconer, Adam Woodcock, has a flash of higher spiritual insight that notches the shaft of the Gandercleugh wits. "Ay," says Adam, "yonder is the heart of Scotland, and each throb she gives is felt from the edge of the Solway to Duncan's-bay-head."

That is the largest statement of the case. It was reserved for a later writer to particularise the sentiment of the Edinburgh scene, yet always with qualifications.

Stevenson denied that Edinburgh, like Venice, counts lovers in her train. Surely when he wrote that, he forgot Sir Walter Scott was a lover so robust and so assured that he took his mistress for granted and carried her along with him, seldom staying to analyse her charm. R. L. S. the analytic, the harassed sufferer from east winds, found the attraction of Edinburgh "romantic in the narrowest meaning of the term. Beautiful as she is, she is not so much beautiful as interesting."

In a word, and above all, she is a curiosity." But, for all his analysis, he was her lover still. Only a lover could have written as he did (assimilating Scott in the passages already mentioned) of "this dream in masonry and living rock," of "the banner on the Castle battlements and the smoke of the Old Town blowing abroad over the sub-adjacent country"; or could have fashioned that supreme passage in "Picturesque Notes," the nocturne of the Calton Hill—

And while you are looking, across upon the Castle Hill, the drums and bugles begin to recall the scattered garrison; the air thrills with the sound; the bugles sing aloud; and the last rising flourish mounts and melts into the darkness like a star: a martial swan-song, fitly rounding in the labours of the day.

I have been entrapped into these random memories, the recreations of a Scottish holiday, by a new novel which brings a fresh and individual contribution to the literature of the Edinburgh scene. It sent me dipping into the Waverleys, the very volumes of first boyish acquaintance, now by a happy chance

in my hand again, to see once more, to the exclusion of other details, how Sir Walter managed his Edinburgh local colour, and from that, by way of contrast, to watch how R. L. S. handled the same material with the variations imposed by a later time. Notes accumulated far beyond the scope of this article must now go the frequent way of such collections, and be reserved for that more convenient season which seldom comes. In brief, Sir Walter sets his scene and leaves you to make of it what you will—and that is frequent matter enough. Stevenson must be ever handing you his footnote of morality: he presents an Edinburgh coloured with personal reflections.



WINNERS OF THE FIRST "PRIX D'ÉLÉGANCE" AT THE "FÊTE NATIONALE" CELEBRATIONS AT TAHITI: AT THE POLYNESIAN ISLANDER REVELS BEFORE THE GOVERNOR.

In all French Colonial possessions the "Fête Nationale" (July 14) is celebrated by festivities. At Tahiti, in the Pacific, displays in native costume by Polynesian islanders took place, comprising dances and a costume parade before the Governor, who gave prizes to the most picturesque group.—[Photograph by A. Aubertin.]

The Stevensonian *rapprochement* between scene and spectator has been carried a stage or two further in the latest interpretation of Edinburgh. A heroine of a different mould from the gentle Catriona, and of an audacity to which even Barbara Grant of Prestongrange (to say nothing of Catherine Seyton) could hardly have risen, has come on the scene, responsive

scandalous turning up of the nose at good mercies. Now the Castle Esplanade, that all day had proudly supported the harsh, virile sounds of the drilling regiments, would show to the slums its blank surface, bleached bone-white by the winds that raced above the city smoke. Now the Cowgate and the Canongate would be given over to the drama of the disorderly night. . . . And Holyrood, under a black bank surmounted by a low bitten cliff, would lie like the camp of an invading and terrified army. . . . She stopped and said, 'Yon about Holyrood's a fine image for the institution of monarchy.' For she was a Suffragette."

The situation is sufficiently amazing. The venerable splendours of Edinburgh in the hands of a recent, yet now somewhat outworn, iconoclasm gives one a new sensation with a vengeance. Miss Ellen Melville's revolutionary vision of Holyrood relegates Mr. D. Balfour's reflections on locality to a far-back seat. And her introspection is itself introspective. Having further embroidered her engaging morality, she pulls herself up sharp. "It's too literary. I always am." She is; but small blame to her creator for that, for Ellen runs true to type, a type that has been crying for a portrait-painter, and has now been got cleanly on to the canvas, to our delight and perhaps to our instruction. For a time it seemed as though Miss Melville were as one born out of due season. Little more than a school-girl, she thought, spoke and acted exactly like a familiar brand of Scottish University woman, in her pragmatical pedantries, her crude opinionativeness, her metaphysical tag-rag of talk. But it is all right. Dear Ellen had meant to go on to the University; she was trained up to that adventure, and only missed it by an act of self-sacrifice that landed her instead in a lawyer's office, whence much strange experience and many tears.

Although Ellen is in no way a Stevensonian figure, the accessories to her picture are Stevensonian in their parentage. Of Robert Louis himself, she was a professed devotee. When her legal chief spoke slightly of that eminent writer, in a tone oddly reminiscent of a passage in Mr. Miller's "Literary History of Scotland," Ellen arose in her young wrath, "The impairment of it! All these Edinburgh people ought to go on their knees and thank their Maker that just once, just once in that generation, He let something decent come out of Edinburgh." She vindicated her too-literary position and period by disliking Sir Walter Scott's poetry. But she was an utter romantic of a later tradition. Her choice of a lover with a touch of the buccaneer in him, is a piece of pure Skeltery—two pence coloured. The uninitiated may doubt the possibility of a Scottish damsel who could say of Robert Burns, "I think nothing of the man. His intellectual content was miserably small," and who called her parcel-carrying sweetheart a useful *jumentum*, adding, when he boggled at the word, "*Jumentum, jumenti, neuter, second, a beast of burden. It is a word that Julius*

Cæsar is much addicted to." But those who know a text-book-fed brood of eager, half-educated enthusiasts will believe and tremble.

The foregoing is written to encourage those whom the Scottish Season is drawing northward to put "THE JUDGE," Miss Rebecca West's new novel (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.), into their satchel. The heroine, Ellen Melville, is best studied on her native heath, the stones of Princes Street, where she sold *Votes for Women*—and looked beyond. . . .



TANKS AT PLAY: ONE OF THE SPECTACLES AT THE COMMEMORATIVE FÊTE OF A FRENCH REGIMENT OF THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION ON THE RHINE.

To celebrate one of its battle anniversaries last month, the French 29th Regiment of the Line, stationed at Gernersheim, on the left bank of the Rhine, held a special fête. The feature of the proceedings was a march past of tanks masquerading as a pelican, a camel, a crocodile, a snail and an elephant.

to its more militant moods. She is discovered "looking up the side street that opened just opposite and revealed, menacing as a rattle of spears, the black rock and bastions of the Castle against the white beamless glare of the southern sky. And it was the hour of the clear Edinburgh twilight, that strange time when the world seems to have forgotten the sun, though it keeps its colour. . . . At this time all the town was ghostly and she loved it so. She took her mind by the arm and marched it up and down among the sights of Edinburgh, telling it that to be weeping with discontent in such a place was a



## IRELAND'S STRONG MAN ASSASSINATED: A BLOW TO THE FREE STATE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY L.N.A.



AMBUSHED AND SHOT DEAD: GENERAL MICHAEL COLLINS (LEFT OF PHOTOGRAPH), COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE IRISH FREE STATE ARMY; WITH GENERAL MULCAHY, CHIEF OF STAFF.

The sudden death of Mr. Arthur Griffith has been followed by the assassination of General Michael Collins, Commander-in-Chief of the Irish Free State Army, who was shot dead in an ambush at Bandon, Co. Cork, on August 22. The Chief of the Free State General Staff, General Richard Mulcahy, afterwards issued the following manifesto to the Army: "Stand calmly by your posts. Bend bravely and undaunted to your work. Let no cruel act of reprisal blemish your bright honour. Every dark hour that Michael Collins met since 1916 seemed but to steel that bright strength of his and temper his gay bravery. You are left,

each inheritors of that strength and that bravery. To each of you falls his unfinished work. No darkness in the hour, no loss of comrades, will daunt you. Ireland the Army serves is strengthened by this sorrow." Michael Collins, who was only 33, was born at Clonakilty, and formerly worked at the General Post Office in London. He fought in Dublin during the Easter Week Rebellion of 1916, and afterwards had many adventures and escapes. He became Sinn Féin Minister of Finance, and last January took over Dublin Castle in the name of the Free State. Our photograph was taken at the funeral of Mr. Arthur Griffith.



## "Gathering It In": The Camera in the Far South.

SOON after he arrived in the Far South on that grim adventure which claimed the lives of himself and other very gallant gentlemen, Captain Scott, properly jealous of his little space, wrote in his diary: "Next is the dark-room in which Ponting spends the greater part of his life. Such a palatial chamber for the development of negatives and prints can only be justified in our case by the possession of such an artist as Ponting. . . . For him fine weather meant no sleep; he decided that lost opportunities should be as rare as circumstances would permit. . . . The photography craze is in full swing. Ponting's mastery is ever more impressive, and his pupils improve day by day; nearly all of us have produced good negatives."

Never was tribute more deserved. Probably no journey into the white unknown has been so perfectly illustrated—even to those tragically wonderful snapshots taken at the South Pole by those who died before the tale of their hardihood, endurance, and courage could be told, save by "these rough notes and our dead bodies." "Beside the notebooks were the little camera, and two rolls of films. . . . They were taken with a quarter-plate film camera; and in the case of the groups, the shutter was released by

once out of his bunk (and you may be sure that the delay never mattered), his energy was as boundless as his enthusiasm, and, to use his own phrase, he was for ever "gathering it in."

Cold, naturally enough, was his chief Old Man of the Sea. In zero weather he was well muffled, but, even then, he had just cause to write: "When working the camera I would remove both pairs of mitts until my hands began to chill in the woollen gloves, then bury them again in the warm fur, and beat them together until they glowed again. But my fingers often became so numbed that I had to nurse them back to life by thrusting my hands inside my clothing, in contact with the warm flesh. Scott one day told me: 'This photographing is the coldest job I have ever struck, as well as the most risky'—the latter because it so often happened that the best subjects were only to be secured in the most dangerous places. . . ."

"I found that it was advisable always to leave cameras in their cases outside the Hut. There was sometimes a difference of more than one hundred degrees between the exterior and interior temperature. To bring cameras inside was to subject them to such

to prevent unsightly markings. This took two days. I placed them for a day in the vestibule; then left them at least another day in my room, to accustom them to the temperature before opening. After exposure, however, plates could be brought inside at once, if they were to be developed immediately. No such care was necessary in taking plates into the open air."

The making of moving pictures provided further trials. "To 'thread' a film into a kinematograph camera, in low temperatures, was an unpleasant job, for it was necessary to use bare fingers whilst doing so. Often when my fingers touched metal they became frostbitten. Such a frostbite feels exactly like a burn. Once, thoughtlessly, I held a camera screw for a moment in my mouth. It froze instantly to my lips, and took the skin off them when I removed it. On another occasion, my tongue came into contact with a metal part of one of my cameras whilst moistening my lips as I was focussing. It froze instantaneously; and to release myself I had to jerk it away, leaving the skin of the end of my tongue sticking to my camera, and my mouth bled so profusely that I had to gag it with a handkerchief."



PHOTOGRAPHED BY FLASHLIGHT DURING THE POLAR NIGHT: THE "CASTLE" ICEBERG IN WINTER—AND A COMET!

Mr. Ponting describes this particular photograph of the "Castle" Berg as probably the only example of a magnificent iceberg photographed by artificial light in the depths of a Polar winter. Writing of its taking, he says, in "The Great White South": "I took out my camera, and fired two flashes of eight grammes of powder, about one hundred feet distant from the part of the berg I desired fully lighted, and one flash for the part I desired to be more or less in shadow." The temperature at the time was about 25 degrees below zero. The "scratch" seen against the black of the sky on the left of the berg, looking at the photograph, is the movement of a comet while the exposure was being made. (After the Photograph by Herbert G. Ponting, F.R.G.S., in his book, "The Great White South.")

a long thread, so that all might appear in the picture. Dr. Wilson can be seen pulling this thread in one of the groups, and Lieutenant Bowers in the other. The films were nearly two years old at the time they were exposed at the South Pole. For eight months those two rolls of film lay on the snow—beside the dead bodies of three of the five explorers whose images were hidden therein—until they were found by the Search Party. Later, they were developed by Debenham in the Hut at Cape Evans. It seems almost incredible that they should have yielded excellent negatives."

As to Mr. Ponting's personal work, his pictures bear eloquent testimony. All were made in unusual circumstances; many under exceptional handicap. The camera-artist is diffident as to the trials he endured, and the dangers and problems he faced and conquered, but, in his "Great White South,"\* he has to admit at least a tithe of them.

Aboard the *Terra Nova*, and not especially enamoured of the sea and its heavings, he found it hard at times to set example to those of his shipmates whose inclination was not to obey with becoming promptitude the injunction: "Rise and shine, gentlemen," or the final warning to: "Show a leg!" But

condensation that they became dripping wet as they came into the warm air. If, for any reason, it was necessary to bring a camera indoors, all this moisture had to be carefully wiped away; and the greatest care had to be taken to see that none got inside a lens. To so much as breathe upon a lens in the open air was to render that lens useless, for it instantly became covered with a film of ice which could not be removed. It had to be brought into warm air and thawed off; then wiped dry. Every trace of oil had to be removed from all working parts of kinematograph cameras and focal-plane shutters, as even some 'non-freezing' oil (which I had bought in Switzerland) froze. Lubricating had to be done with graphite. Several of my colour filters became uncemented from the expansion and contraction caused by changes of temperature, and were useless, and some of my shutters became so unreliable that I had to discard them and make all exposures by makeshift expedients."

Plates, too, had to be guarded with infinite solicitude, if they were not to become valueless before exposure. Mr. Ponting writes of them: "There was not sufficient room in the Hut to store my entire stock, so the supply in the dark-room was replenished, from time to time, from the stores outside in the snow. Plates had to be brought indoors gradually, in order

So it was not: "You Press the Button: We Do the Rest!"

For sheer monotony, too, it would be difficult to equal developing kinematograph films under South Polar conditions. "On account of the difficulty of getting sufficient water, the tank system cannot be used. Therefore the films have to be developed, fixed and washed in strips of fifty feet on a revolving drum; by which method the necessary quantity of the solutions, or of water, is reduced to the minimum. But it is exceedingly slow. Fifty feet of film lasts for less than a minute on the screen; but to develop, fix and wash that quantity of negative took about an hour and a half. As several thousand feet of film had been exposed in the summer, it took over a hundred hours during the winter to develop and wash the negatives."

So much, in Mr. Ponting's own words, of his work as camera-artist in "The Great White South." It is but a fraction of his writing on the subject. Very many have already read his engrossing book. Those who have not should most certainly not neglect it. And it should be added that it is far from dealing only with photography in the far south. That, of course, is its *raison d'être*; but it handles every phase of the expedition as the writer saw it, and very picturesquely at that.

\* "The Great White South." By Herbert G. Ponting, F.R.G.S. (Duckworth and Co.)



## SUMMER DAYLIGHT, DAY AND NIGHT: IN THE FAR SOUTH.

AFTER THE PHOTOGRAPH BY HERBERT G. PONTING, F.R.G.S., IN HIS BOOK, "THE GREAT WHITE SOUTH."



### DESOLATION TRANSFORMED INTO ENTRANCING BEAUTY: EVENING IN THE PACK-ICE.

Describing the occasion on which this picture was taken, Mr. Ponting says: "The evening before Christmas again found the road closed to us by heavy pack, after having worked our way some sixty miles southward during the preceding five days. At night the sun was warm and bright, and there was not a breath of wind astir. . . . We had now been fourteen days in the regions of constant summer daylight, day and night. I stayed up until long after midnight, busy

with my cameras on the lovely effects of light and shadow created by the sunbeams as they played amongst the ice-floes. . . . In cloudy weather the ice-fields appeared blank and featureless, no matter how broken up they might be; but a shaft of sunlight falling on the uneven surfaces instantly transformed desolation into entrancing beauty." Mr. Ponting has a high reputation as photographer and travel writer. He has visited many countries, including Japan.





THE MOST WONDERFUL OF ICEBERGS: "A MEDIEVAL CASTLE—KEEP, BASTIONS, CRENELLATED PARAPET AND ALL"—THE CASTLE BERG IN SUMMER.

When Mr. Ponting first saw this extraordinary iceberg, it had two main portions separated by a bridge of ice, the span forming a perfect arch. "I walked through this arch," he writes in his "Great White South," "and found that it framed an enchanting view of Erebus. One part of the berg resembled a medieval castle—keep, bastions, crenellated parapet and all. . . ." Mr. Ponting waited for the sun, but when it did peep reluctantly over the top of the Barne Glacier, it merely slid along the ridge for half a furlong, and set. That was the last to be seen of King Sol for four months. Meantime, on a day

in May, the Arch Berg, as it was then called, creaked ominously, and in the afternoon there was a resounding crash: the bridge had fallen. To the photographer's relief and joy, however, that part of the berg which resembled a castle was more like an old fortress than ever. Waiting for a calm day, so that the magnesium powder necessary during the Polar night might not be scattered by the wind before he could make a flashlight exposure, he took it—with the splendid result illustrated on a previous page. Later, in the summer, he photographed it again: the result is above.

AFTER THE PHOTOGRAPH BY HERBERT G. PONTING, F.R.C.S., IN HIS BOOK, "THE GREAT WHITE SOUTH."



NEWS FROM FAR AND NEAR: A RECORD OF EVENTS IN CHINA, JAPAN, IRELAND, LABRADOR, AND ENGLAND.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HECTOR C. BYWATER, J.B., TOPICAL, L.N.A., AND "DAILY MAIL"



WITH A CART AND AN IMPROVISED TENT ON A FLAT TRUCK: PART OF ONE OF CHANG TSO-LIN'S TROOP TRAINS IN CHINA.



SHOWING TWO SIKHS OF THE BRITISH FORCES ON GUARD: A CHINESE GOODS TRAIN LOADED WITH SLEEPERS FOR MENDING BRIDGES.



THE JAPANESE NAVY, REGARDING WHICH A "SCRAPPING" PROGRAMME IS ANNOUNCED: THE "MUTSU"—A RECENT ADDITION.



AT THE LONDON REGIMENT MEMORIAL, ROYAL EXCHANGE: THE FINSBURY RIFLES' SERVICE FOR COMRADES WHO FELL AT SUEZ BAY.



WHERE EIGHT MEN WERE DROWNED UNDER THE OVERTURNED CHARABANCS ON ROMNEY MARSH: THE VEHICLE AFTER BEING RIGHTED—AND THE FATAL DITCH.



DUBLIN'S MOURNING FOR THE LATE PRESIDENT GRIFFITH—THE CORTEGE.



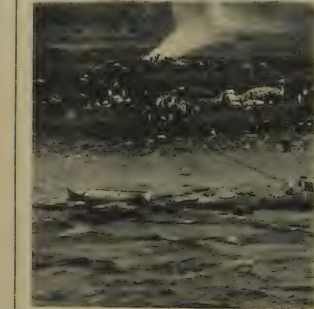
DUBLIN'S MOURNING FOR THE LATE PRESIDENT GRIFFITH—THE CORTEGE.



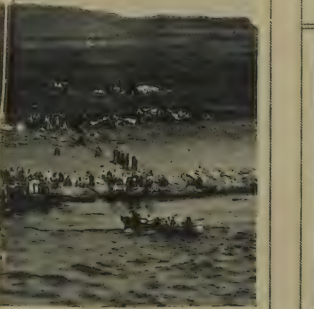
WITH AN "EMPTY CHAIR" OF IVY AND CHRYSANTHEMUMS AMONG THE FLORAL TRIBUTES: THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF LORD NORTHLIFFE IN LONDON.



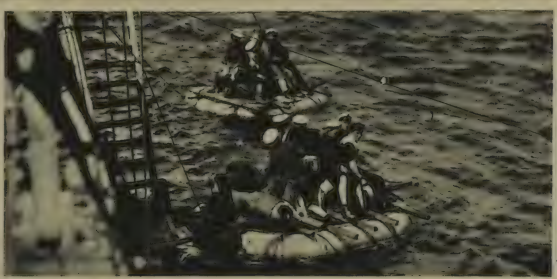
THE WRECK OF H.M.S. "RALEIGH": THE CRUISER ON THE ROCKS OFF LABRADOR, AND THE CREW ON SHORE LANDING STORES.



SAVED BY THE HEROISM OF LIEUTENANT HOPPER, OF THE "RALEIGH" ON



WHO BROUGHT A LIFE-LINE ASHORE: THE CREW OF THE "RALEIGH" ON



GOING ASHORE ON RAFTS: SOME OF THE CREW OF THE "RALEIGH" LEAVING THE SHIP AFTER SHE WAS WRECKED ON THE COAST OF LABRADOR.

The first two photographs were taken during the civil war in China. One shows how the Chinese soldiers make themselves as comfortable as possible on a troop train by rigging up tents on an ordinary truck. They usually make tea by getting boiling water from the engine. The other truck is loaded with sleepers for replacing those destroyed on bridges.—A preliminary Navy "scraping" programme was announced at Tokyo on August 16. The preparatory operations affect the battleships "Ake," "Satsuma," "Katori," and "Kashima," and the battle-cruisers "Kurama" and "Ikoma"—all pre-war ships. They will then wait till the Washington Naval Treaty comes into force. The "Mutsu," which we illustrate, is one of the newest Japanese Dreadnoughts. She is a sister-ship of the "Nagato," and was laid down on June 1, 1918, two years after the Battle of Jutland. These ships have a displacement of 33,800 tons, and carry eight 16-inch guns. They were included in the 1920 programme.—A terrible accident occurred at Brookland, on Romney Marsh, at 10 p.m. on August 19, when a charabanc with a beakfast party toppled over into a ditch. Eight of the men pinned beneath the overturned vehicle were drowned.

A memorial service by survivors of the 11th London Regiment (Finsbury Rifles) to their comrades who fell at Suez Bay seven years ago was held outside the Royal Exchange on August 23.—The funeral of Mr. Arthur Griffith, President of Dail Eireann, took place in Dublin on the 16th. The procession to Glasnevin Cemetery was over two miles long.—The funeral of Viscount Northcliffe took place in London on the 17th. Large crowds gathered outside Westminster Abbey, where the memorial service was held, and lined the route of the procession to St. Marylebone Cemetery. Among the floral tributes was an "Empty Chair" composed of copper chrysanthemums and ivy.—The new light cruiser "Raleigh" recently went ashore in a fog on the rocks off the coast of Labrador. A life-line was carried ashore by Lieutenant Hopper, after the lifeboat which he was navigating had been swamped and its crew drowned. He was thus the means of saving 700 lives. The coast where they landed was absolutely desolate, as may be seen from the middle photograph of the three given above. The "Raleigh" was completed last year at a cost of £1,500,000.



# AN ENGINE-LESS TWO HOURS IN THE AIR: FEATS BY GERMAN GLIDERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEX. STOCKER AND A. FRANKL, BERLIN.



THE RHONE MOTORLESS FLIGHT TESTS: (ABOVE) HERR MARTENS, OF HANOVER, IN HIS "VAMPIRE"; (BELOW) HERR BOTSCH, OF DARMSTADT.



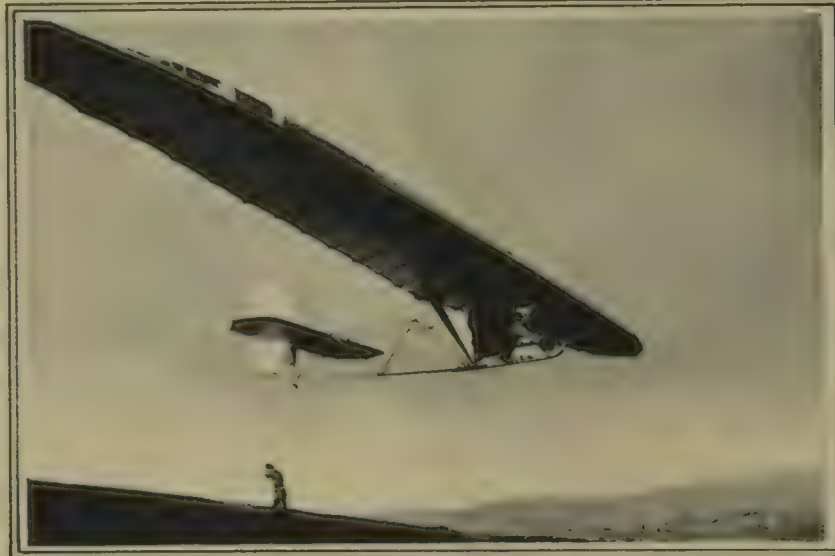
MAKER OF A RECORD FLIGHT OF 2 HOURS 10 SEC.: HERR HENTZEN IN HIS "GREIF" MACHINE CIRCLING OVER THE WASSERKUPPE.



A COMPETITOR WHO REMAINED IN THE AIR FOR 43 MINUTES: HERR MARTENS, LAST YEAR'S WINNER, IN HIS MOTOR-LESS BIPLANE.



A CURIOUS CONTRAST: A LIGHT-WINGED GLIDER BEING DRAWN ALONG THE GROUND BY A SLOW-FOOTED OX DURING THE MOTORLESS SAIL-PLANE COMPETITION.



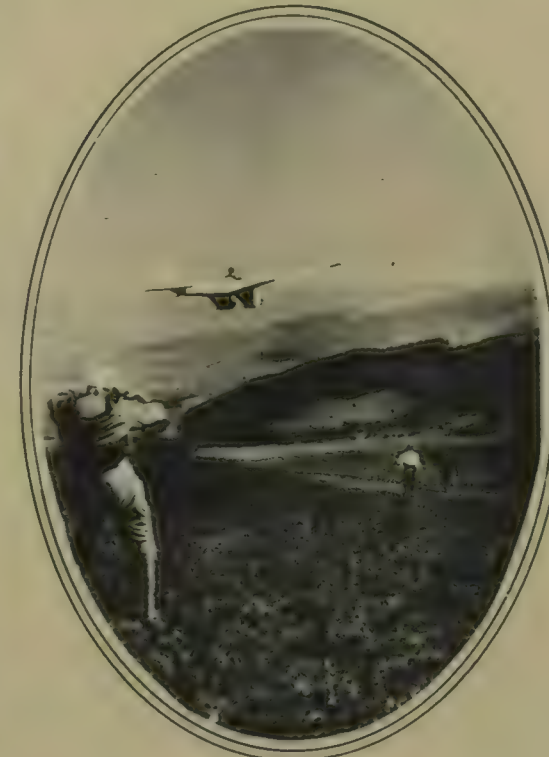
A TYPE OF GLIDER THAT PREVIOUSLY HELD A RECORD OF 24 MINUTES IN THE AIR: BARON FREYBERG ON A HARTH-MESSERSCHMIDT MONOPLANE.



THREE GLIDERS IN THE COMPETITION: (ABOVE) HERR BOTSCH ON A DARMSTADT MONOPLANE; (MIDDLE) HERR MARTENS; (BELOW) A "GREIF" MACHINE AFTER LANDING.



WITH THE PILOT SUSPENDED AT THE CENTRE OF GRAVITY AND STEERING BY SHIFTING HIS WEIGHT: HERR F. HEIL'S GLIDER.



STARTING FOR THE FIRST OVERLAND FLIGHT ON A MOTORLESS AEROPLANE: HERR KLEMPERER, OF AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

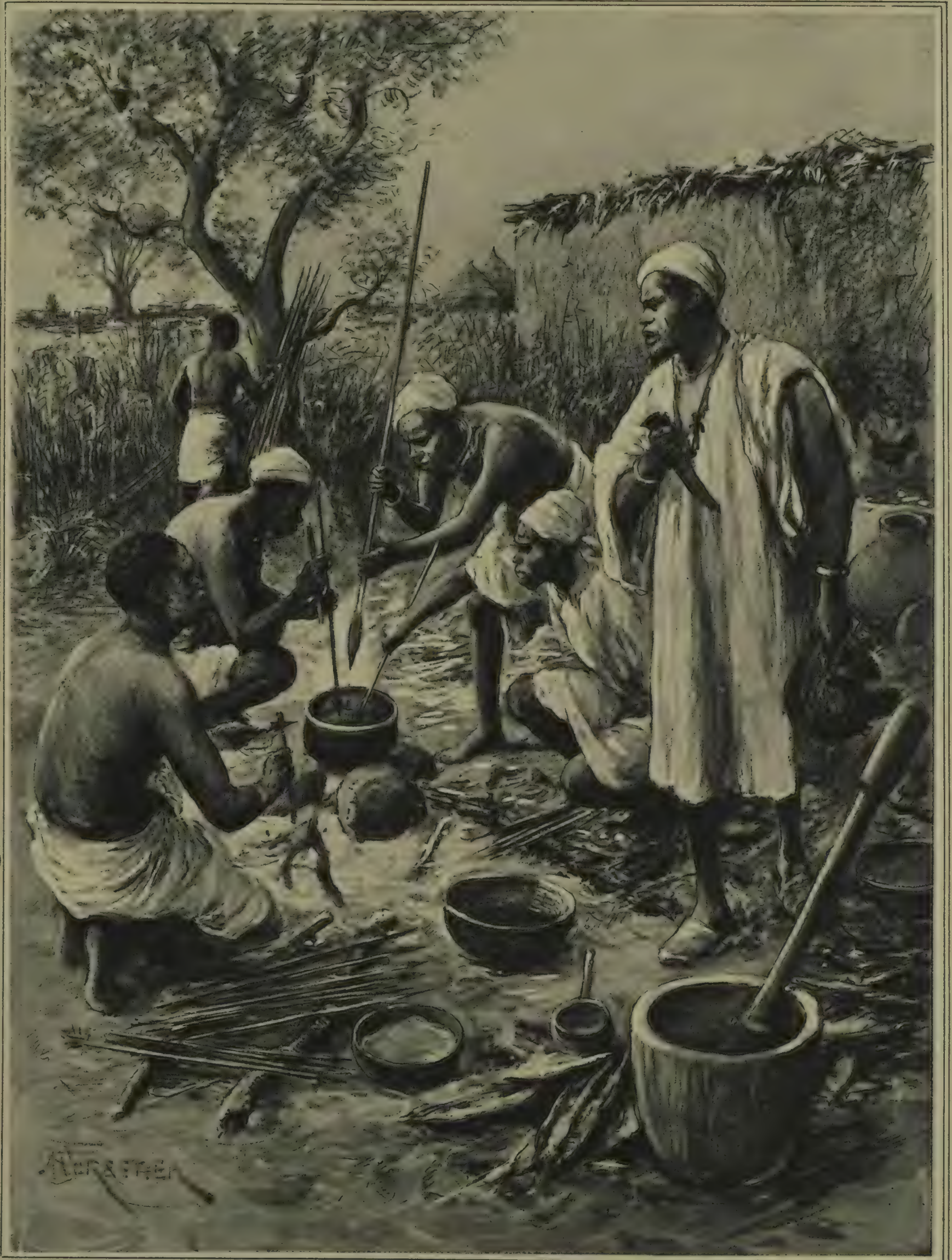
The development of the glider, or engineless aeroplane, by a new school of German aviators seems likely to have a strong effect on the future of flying and the design of machines. Remarkable results were obtained on August 19 at a competition for the Grand Prize for Motorless Sail-planes, offered by the German Aeronautical Industrialists Union, held on the Wasserkuppe, near Fulda. The best performance of the day, which beat all previous records, was that of Herr Hentzen, of Hanover, who remained in the air altogether for 2 hours and 10 seconds, at a height varying from 300 to 600 ft. and cruised across country. Herr Hentzen is a pupil of Herr Martens, who on the previous day had been the

first to fulfil the conditions of the test, remaining in the air for 43 minutes and flying at an altitude of 320 ft. Last year the best time performance was 22 min. 6 sec., the best in distance about five miles. Most of the flying is done by students of the Technical High Schools of Hanover and Darmstadt. The "Vampire" flown by Herr Martens was designed by the Science Section of the Hanover Technical High School, in co-operation with the Hanover Flying School, and was constructed in a local carriage factory. The pilot sits directly under the plane, and the controls are worked by both hands and feet. Herr Martens served as an airman in the war.



## THE BORGIA POISON?—A CONCOCTION WITH PUTRID ANIMAL MATTER.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY SIR CURTIS LAMPSON, BT. (SEE ARTICLE ON A LATER PAGE.)



LIKE THE FAMOUS POISON OF THE BORGIA'S MADE FROM THE DECOMPOSED FLESH OF A BEAR: A DEADLY CONCOCTION USED BY SOUDANESE BLACKS FOR POISONING THEIR DARTS AND ARROWS—THE DIPPING CEREMONY.

The above drawing shows a method of poisoning weapons practised by the blacks of the French Soudan, south of the Niger. Our artist obtained the details from Sir Curtis Lampson, whose forthcoming book of travels is awaited with much interest. "The shrub which furnishes the poison," writes Mr. Forestier, "is called kouna, and grows in the shape of a thick hedge, with hairy leaves of deep green. The fruit is formed of two large pods, nearly a foot long, containing seeds the size of coffee-beans. When the seeds have been dried, they are pounded in a mortar and made into a paste like coal tar. . . . But the special interest of this

poison is that it contains some decomposed animal matter. It may be the putrified flesh of some animal, and if so it bears a remarkable resemblance to the famous poison of the Borgias taken from the decomposed flesh of a bear. . . . The picture represents the actual dipping of the weapons in the deadly mixture. The different implements used are placed together in order to show the stages of the preparation. The chief (on the right) ascertains that it is nearing completion, and prepares to sacrifice a hen, as described by Sir Curtis Lampson in his article given on a later page."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]



# The Best of the Book

## THE PURPLE OF FINE LINEN: WONDERS OF "WOVEN AIR."\*

IF ever case had to be argued to prove that Romance is well and truly wed to Commerce, linen would be an unshakable, counsel-proof witness. It has seen, at the very least, four thousand years of civilisation: it has risen and fallen with empires; it knew the Nile when Pharaoh exalted Joseph; Rome as a Republic and amidst the luxuries of the Emperors; Greece at her greatest. In England it is comparatively *nouveau riche*, although, in all probability, it came here through the agency of the

Wonderful material, this, the "Purple" of fine linen. "It is usually possible to tell the caste of the deceased from the quality of the mummy cements. Thus, the poorer persons were encased in cloths of a very common or inferior quality (ranging from 6 per cent. to 8 per cent.), with the yarn coarse and unequally spun, and the reed, or set, thin and open. . . . Linen of a vastly different texture was used as the wrapping for the bodies of the priests, together with those of the wealthy and noble classes.

Many of these specimens were so beautiful as well to deserve the description of 'fine linen of Egypt.' . . . The kings and queens, in particular those of the earlier dynasties, were embalmed in an exceedingly costly fashion, and the linen employed for their wrappings was of the very finest texture, admirable alike for the quality of the yarn and the beautiful fabric of the cloth. . . . The very best lawn or cambric of the present day looks coarse when placed beside these specimens derived from the Egyptian handlooms in the days of the early Pharaohs."

A splendid example is a mummy-cloth discovered by Belzoni. "The yarn of both warp and weft is remarkably even and well spun, and the cloth is close and firm, yet very elastic. The thread of the warp is double, consisting of two fine threads twisted together, but the weft is single. The warp has ninety threads to an inch (about 1600), with the weft only forty-four, being barely half as many. The fineness of the threads, estimated according to the count of cotton yarns, is about thirty hanks to the pound, *i.e.*, a pound weight of the threads of this cloth would measure out almost sixteen and a half miles in length. . . . So great was the tenuity with which linen was occasionally made in Egypt that some of the

specimens were described as 'woven air.'" Another piece, found near Memphis, is "comparable with silk to the touch, and, in texture, not inferior to the most delicate cambric which has yet been produced." Its component threads are so perfect that the knots and breaks of our finest modern cambric cannot be discovered in the ancient fabric when it is held up to the light—the true way to examine.

To return to the question of protecting the industry.

The Roman Emperors encouraged it mightily; but, as the shadow fell and the Barbarians overthrew Rome, luxury and linen died.

The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in England saw various attempts to revive the frail art. There were import duties, and there were bounties for English flax-growers; there were many exhortations. The coming of cotton was a decisive and destructive factor. At first, curiously enough, it called for the employment of more flax, for, although the weft threads of cotton cloths were of cotton, the warp were of linen yarn. Then came the spinning jenny to supersede spindle and distaff, and Arkwright's spinning frame; so that calicoes and other fabrics were made solely of cotton. Linen was moribund, and it only lived quivering when steam-driven flax-spinning machinery became a commercial possibility; and, again, during the American Civil War, when the importation of cotton to England was forbidden.

In Scotland the industry was well cosseted for a while; but there, too, cotton ousted it.

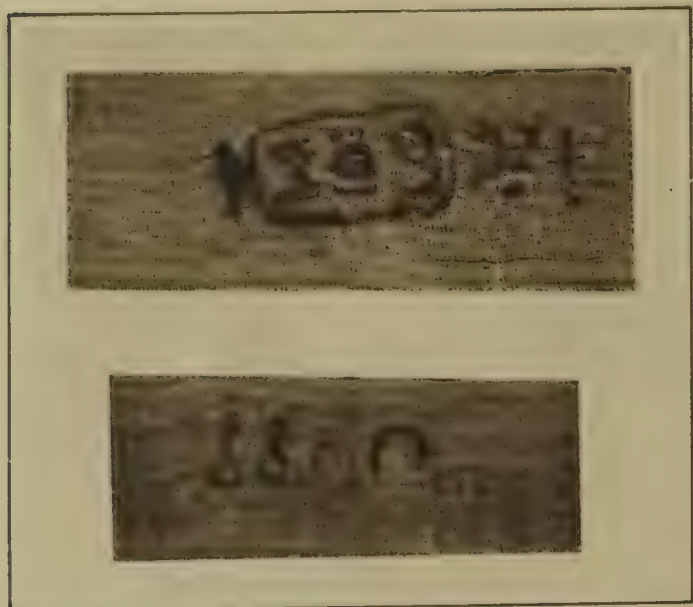
In Ireland things were different. Climate and other conditions were favourable. "Nature, in the shape of its moist climate, defying art in the person of the chemist, more than maintains its pre-eminence for producing that dazzling pure whiteness and softness that can only be found in Irish linen bleached on the lovely green fields of the rightly called Emerald Isle." And, very wisely, the craft was nursed with the most meticulous care.

In 1636 Earl Strafford, then Lord Deputy of Ireland, brought Dutch farmers and spinners to instruct the Irish, and imported the finest flax seed

from the Low Countries. "When he began his reforms the linen trade was in so unsatisfactory a state that the breadth of cloth produced was only twelve inches, the yarn was irregularly spun, and the length of flax only one foot. Under his system the linen cloth was made twenty inches, the yarn was much better spun, and, in consequence of the superior seed imported and improved cultivation, the length of the flax increased to three feet."

Taking it all in all, however, the Irish linen industry must be allotted to the credit of the eighteenth century. "Acts of Parliament are inanimate things, which of themselves never produce much save the dry rot of their parchment. Action must be the mainspring of all trade and industry, and the Act of William III. (allowing hemp, flax, linen, and linen yarn, the produce or manufacture of Ireland, to be imported into England by natives of England and Ireland without paying any duty) called for such. It was a coincidence, then, of immense and fortunate importance that the Revocation of Nantes compelled upwards of half a million of the most industrious of the subjects of Louis XIV. to fly from France and find asylum in the freedom of Protestant lands. . . . How much of the early prosperity of Ulster was due to the Huguenot immigrants it is difficult to measure. They were probably one of its most important factors. They brought in the best machinery and the best methods of flax culture."

So much by way of introducing the historical side of Mr. Moore's engrossing book, "Linen." That it is of exceptional interest is evident. It is, however, but a small part of the whole. The book is one of those designed "to convey a full knowledge of the raw materials and manufactured products of the country," and it carries out its object with thoroughness, skill, and fascination. Nothing is lacking, from the growing of the flax and all the processes that convert the fibre into yarn and the yarn into fabric, to discussion of the linen trade as



FROM AASHAIT'S GRAVE-CLOTHES: LINEN MARKS.

On the corners of the sheets in Queen Aashait's coffin were found the linen marks of the royal palace of 4000 years ago—sometimes simply "King Mentuhotep" or "The Store of Fine Linen," or the name of the steward who superintended its making or its purchase.

By Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

Phœnicians, those dwellers upon the shores of the Red Sea and on the land adjoining the Persian Gulf who adventured the waters the Egyptians did not find propitious. And here, too, in time it declined: until the Belgæ reintroduced it a hundred years or so before the Roman invasion came to establish it.

Now, England's share in its making is negligible: she has fewer than a thousand workers to sing its praises, or had when the somewhat antiquated Census of Production was compelling the filling of forms. Scotland does better, for she accounts for thirteen thousand, confined to the neighbourhoods of Dundee and Dunfermline. Ireland is Queen, with about three-and-eighty thousand. "A small area around Belfast may be considered the hub not alone of the British but of the world's linen production. Taking a map of Ireland the size of this page (5½ in. by 8½ in.) and placing over Belfast a coin not larger than a copper halfpenny, you may thus practically cover the home of the great linen industry, since three-fourths of the mills and factories engaged in it are situated within a radius of thirty miles from that progressive city, which owed very much of its development and present importance to this fact."

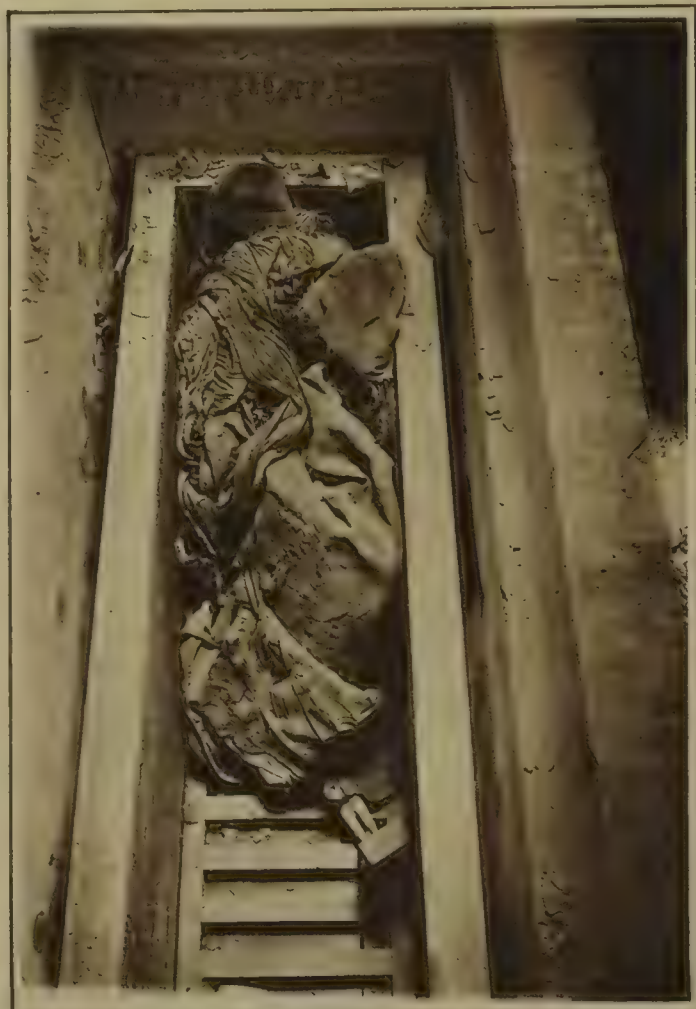
Yet, England saw a distinct revival during the war—for the making of aeroplane wings and what-not. Mayhap there will be another as our aerial navy grows; unless it be a fact that the all-metal machine is the flier of the future.

If nothing of the sort happens, it is to be feared that the industry will wane faster than it waxed. Not of to-day are such preservative methods as those adopted in Scotland once upon a time, when it was enacted that "no corpse of any person whatsoever be buried in any shirt, sheet, or anything else, except in plain linen, and the relatives were obliged, under very heavy penalties, to declare on oath their fulfilment of the edict."

Could there have been anything of the kind behind the ancient Egyptians' lavish use of linen for grave-clothes? Probably not: but, whatever the reason, those who fashioned the swathed dead employed huge quantities of the fabric; so much, indeed, that the chronicler is able to note: "It may be regarded as a somewhat striking, if peculiar, commentary on the vast stocks of linen found in the mummy pits and sepulchres of Egypt, that at one time it was a speculation in Europe as to whether it should not all be collected for the purpose of making paper—an economic enterprise, as the author points out, recalling

Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

\* "Linen." By Alfred S. Moore. Staple Trades and Industries Series. Illustrated. (Constable & Co., Ltd., net).



LINEN OF THE EGYPT OF MENTUHOTEP II.: SHEETS (AND A STATUETTE OF THE QUEEN) AS THIEVES LEFT THEM IN THE COFFIN OF AASHAIT.

As we noted in our last issue, when we illustrated the remarkable coffin and sarcophagus of the Queen, the tomb of Aashait was found at the site of the Eleventh Dynasty Temple at Deir el Bahri, Thebes, by the Egyptian Exploration Expedition of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Over the body had been piled masses of sheets.

By Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

it is, the world's flax supply, fine art in fine linen, how linen is marketed, the linen trade organisations, and the future of linen.

And not a line of it is Greek to the untechnical. In a word, it is work reflecting the greatest credit on its writer—a book that must be popular, in the best sense of the word.

E. H. G.



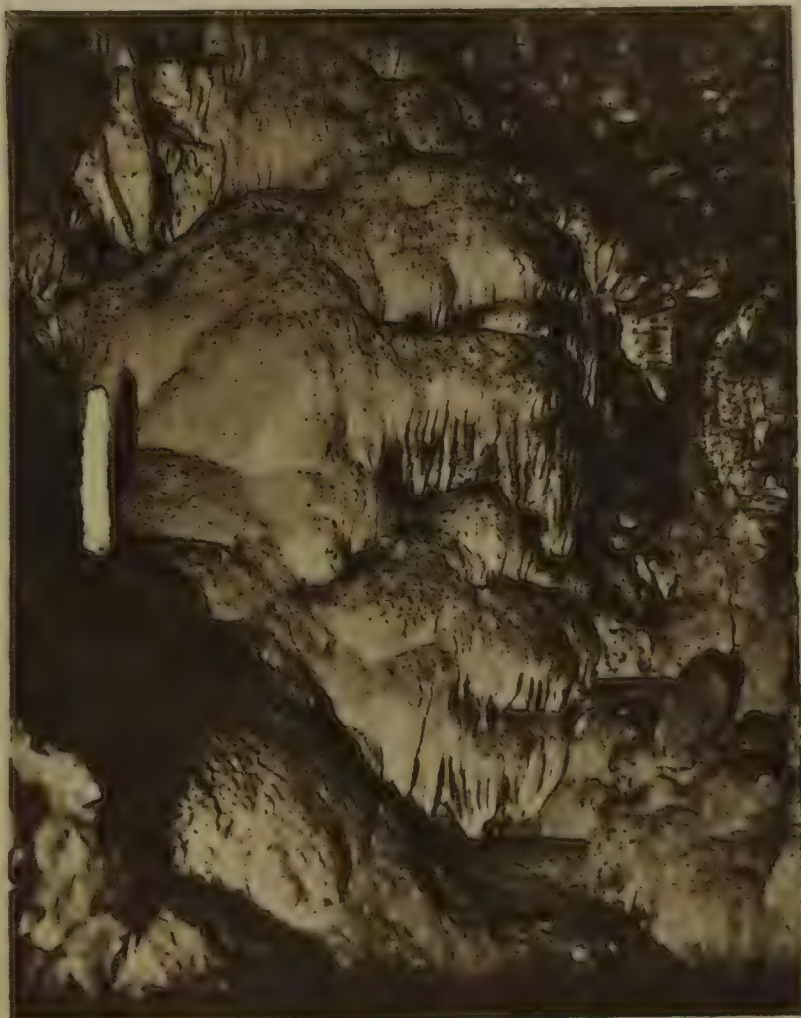
# A NEW UNDERGROUND WONDERLAND: THE "STUMP CROSS" CAVERNS.



COLUMNS FORMED BY THE JUNCTION OF STALACTITES FROM ABOVE AND STALAGMITES FROM BELOW: A TYPICAL CAVERN.



ONE OF THE FREAK FORMATIONS FOUND BY THE CAMBRIDGE EXPLORERS: THE "ELEPHANT," SO NAMED FROM ITS "EARS" AND "TRUNK."



LOOKING LIKE NIAGARA ON A SMALL SCALE, SUDDENLY FROZEN: A "CRYSTAL CASCADE" IN A CAVERN—ONE OF THE LARGEST DISCOVERED.



OF SCIENTIFIC INTEREST FROM ITS APPEARANCE AND PERFECT DETAIL: A STALAGMITE, SHOWING THE TYPICAL FURROWS AND WRINKLES.

"Stump Cross," near Pateley Bridge, in Yorkshire, is the exact locality of the "find." A group of Cambridge men have the honour: Messrs. C. F. D. Long (Caius), J. H. Churchill (Trinity), E. C. Sugden (Sidney Sussex), and D. Barnsley (St. John's). Mr. Long started the exploration, spending a night underground alone, last December. In March, he and his three companions spent a whole week exploring, living underground for 168 hours on food they carried with them. Recently they have again been exploring. At one place they had an exciting adventure, in pitch blackness, save for the light their candles gave. They came

across an underground torrent rushing through a boulder-blocked tunnel between caverns, where three of the four nearly lost their lives. The caverns comprise all forms of rift galleries in a series of cavities of limestone formation, with the original ages-old stream still flowing. The caverns are clustered all over with stalactites and stalagmites, wrinkled and clay-encrusted, among which spring slender fragile and delicate "growths" of the purest white crystal, all thousands of years old. They surpass the famed caverns of the Peak District, in Yorkshire, and are the largest discovered in England up to the present time.



# THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

WE are beginning to hope better things of the weather. Apparently in some parts of Scotland the rain has been very slight. Friends writing from Sutherlandshire say that they have spent most of August sitting out in the garden. In the South we might have described it as being washed out of our gardens. September is usually a fine month in the North, and it will be the best for sport this season, as birds generally are backward. The Prince of Wales will be with the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, where he can really disappear from the public eye and enjoy himself in the way he likes best. There is a little pier at Dunrobin for swimming and diving. When King Edward was there he was very pleased with a display given by Lady Ednam, the Hon. Mrs. Hoare (then Miss Florence Chaplin), and the then Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson. There is plenty of sport at hand, but the Duke and Duchess prefer Loch Choire, which is more remote than Dunrobin, and where the Prince spent much of his stay with them last year, and will again this season. He goes to Chatsworth in October for pheasant-shooting, which he prefers to grouse. His favourite Highland sport is deer-stalking. In this the Duchess of Sutherland excels.

That the Duke and Duchess of Atholl are at Dunkeld House and not at Blair Castle is, of course, a disappointment in the Blair Atholl district, where they are very greatly loved. The castle is let to Mr. Michfeld, of the Danish Diplomatic Service; I do not know if it is the same who married Countess Pauline Pappenheim. The castle is an enormous pile, and in it are some historic relics, including the cuirass of Bonnie Dundee, who died there after being shot at the Goose Well, now called Dundee's Well, in the garden of the House of Urrard, a modern dwelling on the site of the old one.

A very celebrated Scottish hostess and sportswoman has recently celebrated her golden wedding day with the Marquess of Breadalbane, and is still hostess at Taymouth Castle, one of the three most beautiful in Scotland. Lady Breadalbane is a sister of the late Duke of Montrose, and as a deer-stalker and salmon-angler was unequalled by any woman of her time. On one occasion six stags were grassed in six shots, and this at a time when rifles were not so deadly accurate as now. In "The High Tops of Black Mount," in which Lady Breadalbane relates some experience of this strenuous sport, which she eventually had to relinquish owing to heart-strain, she says: "Let the sport and excitement have its own place, and a place that can be fruitful in lessons of discipline, self-denial, physical effort, and hardy endurance." There are more deer-stalkers of our sex in these days than then, but one doubts if Lady Breadalbane's skill has ever been surpassed.

Lord and Lady Seaforth will be at Brahan Castle, where it will be remembered that Mr. Lloyd George stayed when he came to Inverness to confer upon Irish matters. It is not much to look at, but the interior is charming and the surroundings very pretty. Lady St. Helier is one of Lord Seaforth's sisters, and Julia Marchioness of Tweeddale another. When he was a bachelor the latter lady acted as hostess for him. In 1899 he married, after a distinguished career as a soldier.

Lord and Lady Tredegar have Balmacaan, where the late Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin extended such open-handed hospitality for so many years. It belongs

to the Seafeld estates, and is such an important sporting ground that only very wealthy tenants can keep it up. Lady Tredegar, who is a half-sister of the Earl of Southesk, has the O.B.E. (Military) for her work during the war. Lord Tredegar gave his yacht, the *Liberty*, for a hospital-ship directly war broke out. She was then at Cowes for the Regatta. His only son, the Hon. Evan Morgan, is a poet; and the only daughter, Lady Gwyneth Morgan, is unmarried. Balmacaan is not far from Inverness, and doubtless a large party will be entertained there for the Northern Meeting on Sept. 21 and 22.

The death of the only sister of the Earl of Leven and Melville will cast a great gloom over his plans for the autumn, when he will be at Glenferness, near Nairn. He married in 1918 a sister of the Earl of

since, and probably not long ahead, we should consider it excellent value at 49 guineas. For 29 guineas is a kit coney and sable coney walking coat, with saque back, wrap collar and wide cuffs, which looks, and is, really distinguished. Quite delightful is a long broad-tail coat, lined with saffron-coloured crêpe-de-Chine broché, and trimmed with sable squirrel. A more distinguished-looking or graceful garment no woman could desire. There are lovely kolinsky sable coats, beautifully worked; a beaver motor coat which is the last word in style and cosiness; a nutria coat, beautifully worked; a musquash coat of the finest kind, trimmed with natural mid-Europe fitch, which strikes a note of unusualness in a very handsome way. There are, in fact, coats of many kinds, all handsome and in the very newest shapes, at prices most moderate. The woman who can afford chinchilla will find a perfect beauty of a long, worked coat, having a deep-pointed cape and cosy sleeves with turned-back cuffs. It is also wonderful value for the price asked, which I will not give, as the coat should be seen—its looks justify its cost.

I advise all who want the nicest things in walking coats for the late autumn and winter, to see those at Debenham's in a cloth beautifully imitative of lamb. They are three-quarter length, in three styles; one has a coney collar and is cut in long, simple lines, with a girdle of itself below the waist and kimono sleeves; another has a deep shawl collar which can be worn closed up tightly or open—it fastens at one side and has a girdle with ends falling down and long sleeves with turned-back cuffs; the third also fastens at the side and falls in ends, it has a deep collar, like a cape, and sleeves with turned-back cuffs. These coats, which have everything to recommend them—warmth, lightness, good looks and excellent style—are in three colours, brown, grey and fawn, and in differing shades of these colours. They need only to be seen to jump into favour.

Nothing is more popular now, and will remain so during the next few months, than Debenham's Marle mixture knitted coats and skirts. These in wool cost 5½ guineas; the coats are bound with silk braid, the skirts on elastic bands to fit any figure and wide enough for the enjoyment of any sport. There are many colours and mixtures, the knitting is so close they keep their shape, rain does not affect them, and they are warm and light. In silk and wool they are 7½ guineas, and coats alone are 59s. 6d. Dresses in Marle mixture are also in great demand; these have hems of brushed wool, and are in many shades and colours.



FOR THE EARLY AUTUMN: CHIC AND COSY FUR-TRIMMED MODELS.

Black-and-steel embroideries decorate the tan velour suit on the left, the coat of which has a deep border and high collar of kolinsky coney. In the centre, our illustration shows a novel coat and skirt which contrives to look exactly like a coat. It is adorned with tucks, and beaver fur contributes to its warmth. Black gabardine entirely oversewn with narrow black cord braid is the material chosen for the coat on the right. Its collar and long pendent sleeves are trimmed with monkey fur.—[Sketched at Harvey Nichols', Knightsbridge.]

Liverpool; their mother was a daughter of the late Viscount Portman. The present Lord Leven and Melville succeeded his brother, who died from illness the result of a hunting accident.

There are many things which make one quite glad to be in London during the holiday season. A very important one is the chance of buying furs from such a reliable establishment as Debenham's at summer prices. Many women who know the ropes make periodical returns to town to go to Debenham's fascinating place in Wigmore Street to provide themselves at moderate prices with the very best of winter wear. The fur department is too well known to all "in the know" for any fears to be entertained of being behind the times, for it is always well ahead of them, while the value, even with no such advantage as summer prices, is keenly appreciated. There is a short, smart walking coat of seal coney, with a sable coney deep collar and cuffs, which costs 39 guineas; not long

The wedding last week of Miss Joan Meredith Sturgis to Mr. Malcolm Aird, of the 9th Lancers, was interesting because the bride is the granddaughter of George Meredith, O.M., the great Victorian novelist; and the bridegroom the grandson of a man no less remarkable in his own very different way, the late Sir John Aird. It was given a special character by the Spanish mantillas and high carved tortoiseshell combs worn by the bridesmaids. These were suggested, no doubt, by the colours of the bridegroom's regiment, red and yellow, which are also the national colours of Spain. The effect of the five up-grown and four little girls in yellow dresses with bouquets of red roses, walking after the white-clad bride, the former with their Spanish head-dresses, was excellent; and the bride had a little horseshoe of white heather on the tulle streamer from her bouquet. It was tied with a wee bit of blue, thus making a double appeal for good luck.

A. F. L.



# BUCHANAN'S SCOTCH WHISKY



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## THE "PERSEID" NIGHTS OF AUGUST : WHAT SHOOTING STARS ARE.

(See Illustration on another page.)

INTERPLANETARY space is literally filled with meteors, or so-called shooting stars. They are practically illimitable in number, as may be gathered from the fact that our globe, small as it is, collides annually with some 145 billions that are big enough to be seen visually, to say nothing of the smaller ones, which might be multiplied ten-fold.

The life of a shooting star usually extends back through untold æons. According to the theory of Roche, Chamberlin, and others, it first formed part of the solid mass of a small planetary sphere, which was broken up into tiny fragments. The theory tells us that, from certain established principles, a small body, approaching to within a certain distance of a larger and denser one, is shattered to pieces. Requisite conditions may occasionally be fulfilled by the small planetoids circulating round the sun between Mars and Jupiter. About a thousand have already been discovered. The group of fragments of the disrupted body then follows a fresh course, moving in an elliptical orbit round the sun. Eventually they are, collectively, transformed into a comet, the head of which is generally believed to be composed of a bunch of solid particles. Solar attraction gradually draws the fragments apart, and each follows its own course round the sun. Thus the comet becomes disintegrated, and the fragments distributed entirely round the orbit, like an immense ring of debris encircling the sun, and of such a width that several days, and even weeks, are required for the earth to pass through that part which happens to intersect our orbit. Thus, on fixed dates every year, there are well-timed displays of shooting stars from specified regions of the sky.

The Perseid shower represents one of the largest displays known, and has been observed since the year 811 A.D. As their name indicates, these meteors radiate from the constellation Perseus. The earth

encounters the thickest part of the swarm on and about Aug. 10. The track is identical with the orbit of the disintegrated "Tuttle's Comet." And although the earth, in its annual encounter, continues to sweep up billions of fragments, as also may do some of the other planets, yet the shower exhibits no signs of diminution.



PEACE AFTER POLITICS—AT HINDHEAD, NEAR THE VILLAGE OF CHURT: MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S NEW HOUSE TO BE OCCUPIED BEFORE THE END OF THE RECESS—TWO VIEWS.—[Photographs by Alfieri.]

When a meteor is observed to flash across the sky, the phenomenon signifies that a dark, cold fragment has dashed into our atmosphere with a speed of from 19 to 45 miles per second. Friction has caused it to burn like a rocket, leaving behind a trail of incandescent matter. The remnant dust falls to earth. Arrhenius estimates that the annual deposit amounts to 20,000 tons. Thus the earth is growing slowly larger. Some of the meteors are solid and large enough to escape complete dissolution, and are known as bolides, or fire-balls, striking the earth with such force as to embed themselves to a considerable depth in the ground. The impact with our atmosphere frequently causes them to explode with great violence.

These celestial fragments are being constantly swept up by all the planets, and the supply is said to be maintained by occasional disruptions of the smaller planetary bodies herein referred to. An approximate estimate of the altitude to which the appreciable density of our atmosphere extends may be gathered from the fact that meteors, on approaching the earth, are rendered incandescent at a height of about 100 miles. In their descent they are usually burnt up by the time they have approached to within forty miles of the surface.

Thus the air above our heads shields us from what would prove, both night and day, an unendurable bombardment. All life on the moon, if such exists, must be in constant peril of destruction by these celestial intruders, and it is easy to imagine how many parts of the surface must be riddled with crater-like holes due to impact.

SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S.

In connection with our photographs on another page illustrating the German development of gliders, or motorless aeroplanes, it may be noted that the French have also been making some progress in this branch of aviation. A meeting for gliding tests was held recently at Clermont-Ferrand, where the best results were obtained by a small Farman monoplane called the "Moustique."

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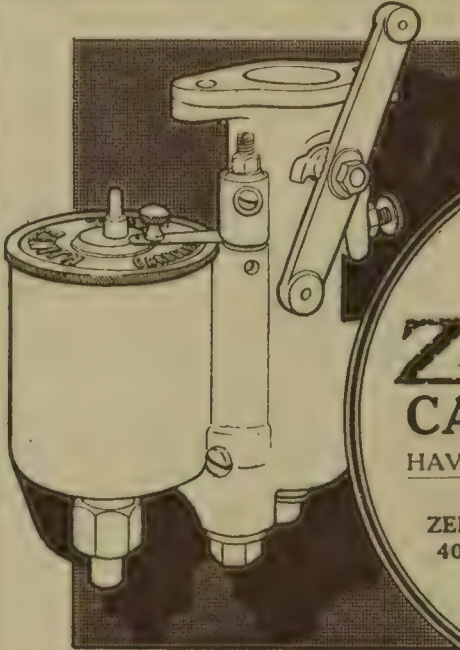
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## THE TALKING MACHINE.

I HAVE received several letters on the subject of records "wavering" in pitch when being played. One correspondent holds that the faulty centering is responsible for this trouble; and another, that irregular running on the part of the motor would also give a similar effect. This latter would, of course, spoil the reproduction of every record, and can be detected for that very reason. Badly centered spindle holes give a distressing "swish." This is not a common fault, at any rate, with records of the better makes, as the utmost care is taken, micrometric gauges being used at every stage. My remarks were meant to be taken generally, and I have found over 60 per cent. of records in one collection warped through careless storage in a warm room.

The record-cabinet, with a compartment for each disc, is the ideal method of storage, but a luxurious one. A very efficient substitute can be provided by using strong shelves. Upright partitions should be constructed, at a distance apart allowing space for not more than four albums. This prevents the albums leaning on those nearest the end of the shelf, after some have been removed. I have seen old cupboards and book-cases so treated very successfully, but most are too shallow to take the twelve-inch albums.

### Wireless and the Gramophone.

There has been a considerable amount of discussion as to the possible effect of the latest form of home entertainment on the popularity of the gramophone. Indeed, it has been asserted by wireless enthusiasts that the newcomer will eventually oust the talking machine completely. I am certain that it will not, but rather that each will be supplementary to the other. The great advantage of the gramophone is that it can give the owner his favourite music performed by his pet artists when he wants it; while, to me, the advantage of wireless broadcasting seems to be that it can give you what is not recorded.

The gramophone has given to this country great singers who cannot be heard in the flesh—Gallicurci, for example. Heifetz was known for a magnificent violinist months before he was able to come over from America to give recitals. An occasional orchestral piece may be broadcasted, but I cannot see the owners of wireless receivers abstaining from visiting Queen's Hall and taking the other as their sole orchestral entertainment. The various catalogues of records contain some thousands of items that are important musically, apart from the host of popular and short-lived titles, any of which selections are obtainable, to be played when and as often as the gramophonist desires.

Then, the gramophone boasts complete works, grand opera, Gilbert and Sullivan operas, which, even, if they could be broadcasted, would not please those whose tastes lie in other directions. The gramophone is becoming more and more the joy of the specialist, not necessarily the high-brow or professional



SIGNOR MARTINELLI, WHO IS ADJUDGED TO BE THE LEADING TENOR OF THE DAY, AND WHOSE RENDERING OF LEONCAVALLO'S "O MIO PICCOLO" IS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH'S H.M.V. RECORDS.

musician—there are specialists in dance music—while the broadcasted concert must have as wide a range as possible. Another unique quality possessed by the gramophone, that puts it in a class by itself, is its intimacy. Some of the most enjoyable hours I have passed have been spent alone with the gramophone,

when I could play what suited my humour, and repeat as often as I wished. The use of records for wireless concerts should show some who have no gramophone what they are missing, and I do not think that the two are at all antagonistic, but that they can fulfil independently their mission of spreading good music where it is not an easy matter to get to hear the performers themselves.

### The "Emperor" Concerto, without Cuts.

Much criticism has been levelled at recording companies regarding the cutting of the longer works, principally classics, in order to compress them into recording compass. There is a good deal to be said on both sides, for while there are many compositions of which every note is precious, there are a number, and not a small number, in which much rather wearisome matter, largely repetition, has been mercifully removed by this forcible pruning.

To some extent as an experiment, "His Master's Voice" announce that they will very shortly issue the whole of Beethoven's Concerto No. 5, for Pianoforte and Orchestra, better known as the "Emperor" Concerto, with Lamond as the soloist, accompanied by the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra, and conducted by Eugene Goossens. Not a note is missed, the complete work filling five twelve-inch double-sided records. A truly colossal achievement of concentration and wonderfully developed technique, when one considers that not a false note or blurred passage is permissible. This set of records marks a new era in the record-collector's existence, and in recording as well.

### August Issues.

Some fine discs are on this month's lists. "His Master's Voice" Supplement contains at least one of unique interest, Rachmaninoff's own reading of his famous C Sharp Minor Prelude. His rendering is very reflective in mood, and he invests it with great dignity. To the student of the piano, this record is a lesson in the correct way to play chords, at the same time giving the melody prominence. Among other fine records on this list must be mentioned: "Der Freischütz" overture, played by the Symphony Orchestra, under Albert Coates, which is really superb; a most charming number from Wolf-Ferrari's "Il Segreto di Susanna," delightfully sung by Lucrezia Bori; an excellent example of Martinelli's intense style, in "O mio piccolo," from Leoncavallo's "Zaza"; two new numbers by the Catterall Quartet, and some jolly dance records. Interest attaches to the first records of two Negro "Spirituals" (Columbia), "Shout all over God's Heaven," and "Good News, the Chariot's Coming," sung by the Fisk University Jubilee Quartet. Vocalion records for the month also contain a goodly selection of the latest dance numbers.

STYLUS.

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## DINARD.

MOST delightfully to-day did Mrs. Hughes Hallett, as is her wont, obey the Apostolic injunction, "Be given to hospitality." Her charming villa at Dinard, "Mon Plaisir," with its ball-room and stage,

Chancellor Brougham, so does Dinard owe its vogue to Mrs. Hughes Hallett. When she determined to build, Dinard was a mere fishing village, with its good-wives washing and helping to mend the nets on the golden sands. The relays of her hosts of friends invited to stay with her soon spread the news of the

joys of this beautiful coast, where, as in Devon, the fringed greenery creeps down to the water's edge, and the indented bays and headlands are rendered lovelier by isles and islets (some with old disused forts). St. Malo's spires and battlements and St. Sertan's town are within sight, giving the seascape a cosy human aspect. No wonder other villas sprang up, in wondrous gardens—for Dinard's

Lunaire, with its attractive Grand Hotel, beloved of the British; and five minutes beyond, the lovely "Pointe Décollée," with its smartest of smart tea and dancing restaurants—quite the place to go to.

The residents, who nearly all own their villas, are mostly absent during summer. Winter is mild and short, which is evidenced by the luxuriant growth of the mimosa tree. They consider Dinard distinctive and superior in those months, and are given to much entertaining among themselves. Fancy-dress balls are not uncommon, and the club bridge flourishes. A delectable place, Dinard; not hectic like some, but with a character of its own. F. M. DE B.

Further proof of the value to motor manufacturers of racing and competition work generally is provided in the season by the big demand which even at this late period is being experienced by the Scott Motor-Cycle Company, Ltd., of Bradford. The Scott has done extraordinarily well in speed events during the past few months, and the latest achievements were made at the big Welsh gathering on Pendine Sands, when four first and two second prizes were won by Scotts, the Squirrel model recording fastest time of the day irrespective of engine size.



ST. PAUL'S FROM BANKSIDE: A RECENT ACQUISITION BY THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON, FOR PERMANENT EXHIBITION AT THE BETHNAL GREEN BRANCH.

This picture, by Barry Pittar, is one of three of which the South Kensington Museum has just come into possession. Its going to the Bethnal Green branch is a part of a special effort that is being made to interest East End people. The branch has been newly decorated also, so as to be a growing attraction in that neighbourhood.—[From a Drawing by Barry Pittar.]

was crowded with all that is best of French and Anglo-American Society, to listen to a musical programme of rare merit. The setting enhanced the beauty of the women's clothes and jewels, and the hostess was looking particularly well in a dress of gold satin and cream brocade. She was helped in entertaining by her genial cousin, Dr. Biéra—whose grandfather was one-time Governor of Cuba, by the way.

Quite a large house-party is staying with Mrs. Hughes Hallett, who likes nothing better than to give pleasure to others, and to gather gifted and charming people round her. Not without reason is she called by the *Dinardés* "La Reine de Dinard," for just as Cannes owes its initial fame and fashion to Lord

flowers are marvels of perfect bloom; and hotels of a fine order, and a bustling town with alluring shops, came to keep company, to say nothing of two Casinos.

The excursions, of course, are endless and easy, from Mont St. Michel and to Jersey and back in a day. Quite at hand, ten minutes by car, is St.



A FAVOURITE DINARD HAUNT OF BEAUTY AND FASHION: "LA POINTE DE DÉCOLLÉE"—THE CHARMING TEA-DANCING RESTAURANT AT ST. LUNAIRE, A QUARTER OF AN HOUR FROM DINARD ITSELF.



In the Cinema.

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W.M. Thackeray "The Virginians"



## AN AFRICAN POISON: THE SECRET OF THE BORGIAS?

(See Illustration on Page 325.)

ON another page, Mr. A. Forestier illustrates a method of poisoning weapons practised by the blacks of the French Soudan south of the Niger. The poison, which is very deadly, is said to contain decomposed animal matter, as did that used by the Borgias. As mentioned under the drawing, Mr. Forestier was indebted for the details to Sir Curtis Lampson, who is preparing a book of his travels that promises to be of great interest. He has supplied the following particulars of the ceremony shown in the illustration.

"After having consulted his ancestors, to whom he makes the sacrifice for guidance, the chief orders the male members of his family to assemble outside his compound. No women are allowed to take part in these ceremonies.

"At about 4 p.m., the chief installs the hearth-stones and the necessary paraphernalia in an open space outside his compound. The vases are filled with water, into which are thrown the grains of kouna, viper-heads, pepper-seeds, and decomposed animal matter, the mixture being heated and well stirred.

"The following day the chief again crushes some more kouna grains, which are softened by slowly boiling them in a small quantity of water. These are added to the first mixture, which is again boiled until it is reduced to a syrupy liquid. Sugar is then added, after which the glue-like mixture is pasted on to the darts. This performance is repeated many times, until the darts are well covered.

"The chief of the family sacrifices a hen to his ancestors and conjures them to guard his family against all evil spirits and to cause the poison to be fatal to the enemy.

"Sprinkling the hearth-stone with the blood of the hen, he cries: 'O poison, O poison, I am hungry, I am thirsty, I have fasted. If an enemy is hit by one of my arrows, let him die with the first shot.' The hen is skinned, and each member present partakes of a small portion. The sacred cake is then broken, the crumbs being thrown into the fire, more magic invocations are pronounced, and the ceremony ends."

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## CHESS.

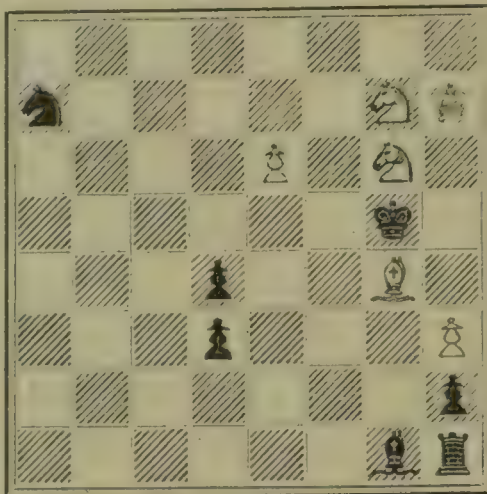
To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

KESHAB D DE (Calcutta).—We have received your magazine and studied it with much interest. In a week or two we will give it a fuller notice.

ADOLPH J BUCKRIEY (Brooklyn, U.S.A.).—We are pleased to hear we have been of service to you.

F V WALKER (Crook, Durham).—Thanks for problem, which shall receive attention.

PROBLEM No. 3889.—By H. F. L. MEYER.  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club between Messrs. W. SKILLICORN and E. G. SERGEANT.  
(Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. W. S.)	BLACK (Mr. E. G. S.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th
2. P to K 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd
3. B to Q 3rd	P to Q B 4th
4. P to Q B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
5. P to K B 4th	
Presumably to prevent P to K 4th, but we altogether distrust this line of play. It not only exposes White's position, but it gives Black time to develop.	
6. Kt to K B 3rd	B to Kt 5th
7. Q Kt to Q 2nd	P to K 3rd
8. Castles	B to Q 3rd
9. B P takes P	P takes P
10. P to Q R 3rd	Castles
11. P to Kt 4th	R to B sq
12. P to Kt 5th	P to Q R 4th
13. Q to Kt 3rd	Kt to K 2nd
It is not easy to see what White is now aiming for. He has no attack in hand of any value; while Black's pieces are being ominously massed for service on the King's side of the board.	
14. B takes B	
15. B to Kt 2nd	B to K B 4th
16. Q R to K sq	Kt takes B
17. Kt to K 5th	Kt to Kt 5th
18. B P takes B	Q to B 2nd
19. R to K 2nd	B takes Kt
20. R to K sq	Q to B 7th
If R takes Kt, Black wins the exchange.	
21. Q to Kt 4th	R Kt takes P
Which is now forced, and an overwhelming attack as well.	
22. Kt to B 3rd	P to R 5th
23. Q takes P	Q to Q 6th
24. R takes Kt	Kt takes R
25. Q to Kt 4th	R to B 7th
26. P to Kt 3rd	Kt to K 6th
	Kt to B 5th

White resigned.  
Whatever White does he loses a piece. Black's play is a good example of correct and forcible chess.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3847.—By H. G. (Glossop)

WHITE.  
1. Q to K sq  
2. Mates accordingly.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3886 received from Henry A. Seller (Denver, U.S.A.) and Preston Davis (Terre Haute, U.S.A.) of No. 3887 from M McIntyre (Camberwell) and O Pearce (Wotton-under-Edge).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3888 received from H Grasett Baldwin (Faruham), Henry H Long (Southsea), C H Watson (Masham), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), Albert Taylor (Sheffield), F J Downes (Manchester) and H W Satow (Bangor).

The great London Chess Congress of 1922 came to an end on the 22nd inst., with the presentation of prizes to the successful competitors. In the Masters' Tournament, the first prize fell to Capablanca, with a score of 13 points. The second to Alechin, with 11½ points, and the third to Vidmar, with 10½ points. The Major Open Tournament was won by Mr. R. P. Michell; the Minor Open Tournament by Dr. Vaida; and the Ladies' Tournament by Miss Price.

## "THE BROKEN WING." AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

WERE we not accustomed by this time to the quaintness of the nomenclature favoured by Transatlantic playwrights or play-producers, such a description as is given officially of the newest piece imported from America might mislead us as to its type. Messrs. Gus Bostock and J. Gordon Bostock, who present, or Messrs. Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard, who have written, "The Broken Wing," define it on the Duke of York's programme as "a colourful comedy of modern Mexico." In point of fact, it is a bustling melodrama with an airman for hero, its setting Mexican, its dialogue conducted largely in broken English, and its chief sensation the crashing of an aeroplane—right through a house-roof. The play's weaknesses are its thick slabs of sentiment and its comic relief done in the old, old way between man-servant and maid-servant; but a truculent Mexican, half-officer, half-brigand, makes very good fun, and there is enough business with revolvers and a knife, and claims for ransom, to maintain an atmosphere of excitement quite apart from the crash of the machine (which is most realistically stage-managed) the airman's loss of memory and hurried marriage, and the irruption of a woman detective in a disguise which nearly costs her her life. Miss Dorothy Dix looks a picture as the half-caste girl who, in her ingenuous way, regards the hero as a husband sent her from heaven, and is so ready to stab any supposed rival. Mr. Francis Lister plays the airman on natural, unmelodramatic lines, the quietness of his methods making the scene of the accident all the more telling. In marked contrast, but quite as legitimate, is the more "colourful" performance of Mr. Thurston Hall as the Mexican captain—his is a rôle that calls for the robust, old-fashioned style of acting.

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From S. F. EDGE, Esq., Ditchling, Sussex.

"I thought it only right to let you know how very successful the Dunlop Cord Tyres were which you supplied me with for my six cylinder A.C. car which was entered recently at Brooklands, and gained such a big series of records from 2 to 12 hours inclusive, averaging for 12 hours over 70 miles an hour. I believe they stand with the unique record of having run a greater distance at 70 miles an hour than any set of tyres in the world have ever done."

From H. G. POPE, Esq., Maidenhead.

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" "	18114	"	15,096	"
" "	17137	"	18,735	"
" "	18062	"	17,697	"

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From JAMES FAIRLIE, Esq., Falkirk.

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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

## The A.A. and Tolls.

The subject of tolls on English main roads is one upon which I hold very strong opinions. It is therefore with more than ordinary satisfaction that I hear that the A.A. is waging a vigorous campaign for their abolition. When we come to inquire into the continued existence of toll-bridges and toll-bars on main roads, we almost invariably find that the so-called rights are vested in some individual or obscure corporation which has either acquired them by purchase or holds them by virtue of long usage, the origin of which is more or less lost in the mists of antiquity. They are an anachronism in these days of rapid travel and the maintenance of roads by public money. Their owners do little or nothing for the moneys they receive from the traveller, and on no count are they defensible for a single moment. In this connection it is perhaps only right to concede that where a person or an association of persons maintains a private road over which vehicular traffic is allowed to pass, there is some shadow of justification for making a charge for the amenities granted. But if we take as an example

people who have allowed them to survive to the profit of their ducal and other owners.

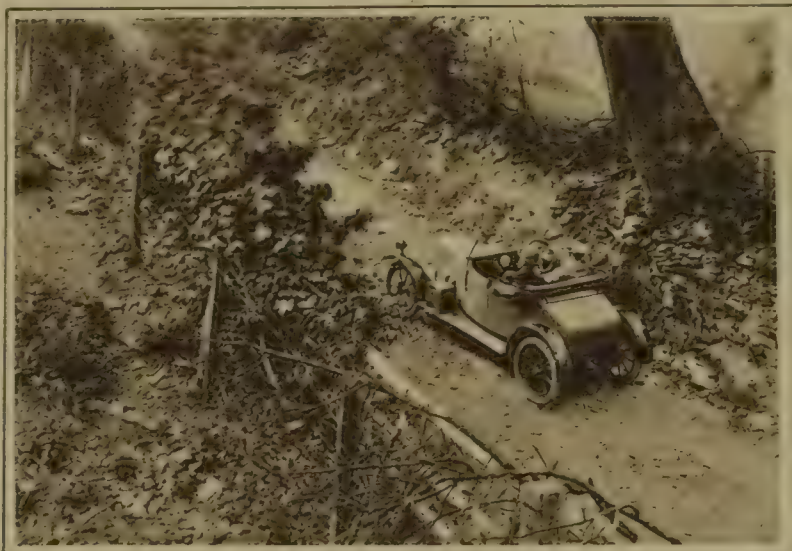
Main-road tolls are even more unjustifiable in the case of motoring than they are in that of any other class of wheeled traffic. The motor vehicle is very heavily taxed for its use of the highways. If we take the amount of tax levied at an average of a penny per mile run, we shall not be very far out. Why, when we are taxed to this extent for highway purposes, should these tolls be a legal levy? It is quite incomprehensible. Scotland wiped them all out nearly half a century ago, and it is very much to be hoped that England will follow suit before long. I certainly wish the A.A. all success in its efforts in this direction.

**Steam v. Petrol.** I see the old controversy as to the respective merits of steam and internal-combustion for motor-car propulsion is being revived once more. Personally, I

thought the question had been settled for a generation or two—at least until some genius arrives who will devise the relatively perfect steamer, which we have not seen yet by a long way. It is said by some that if as much time and attention had been given to developing the steamer as has been expended upon perfecting the petrol car, the former would have held the field to the practical exclusion of the other. I am afraid I find it difficult to agree in this. I have followed the development of the car since its very infancy, and it is well

within my recollection that the first successful cars—speaking in a relative sense, of course—were steamers. One remembers the Locomobile, the Weston, the

Gardner-Serpollet, the Clarkson, and, later, the White and the Stanley. There were many others, but their names do not matter for the moment. They have all dropped out, with the single exception of the Stanley, and even this cannot be said to have achieved any great



HOLIDAY TOURING IN WALES: A WOLSELEY "SEVEN" ON THE ROAD FROM LLANGOLLEN TO GLYN-CEIRIOG.



FASTEST IN THE LADIES' CLASS AT THE SHELSLEY WALSH HILL CLIMB: MISS HEATH DRIVING A 14-H.P. SUNBEAM CAR.

certain of the toll-bridges on the coast roads through Kent, Sussex, and Hampshire, to go no farther afield, one is given to marvel at the long-suffering of the

measure of popularity. The fact of the matter is that the steamer suffers from certain inherent disabilities which put it quite out of court as a competitor of the internal-combustion-engined vehicle. One need not enter into such technical questions as that of relative fuel efficiency further than to say that there is no comparison between the two, for perfectly obvious reasons. Not the least objection to the steamer as we know it is the heat from the burners and the fumes inseparable from the combustion of paraffin or petrol. Then, the steam generator as applied to the car is incapable of maintaining a working head of steam for any length of time, with the result that a long hill inevitably reduces the pace of the car to an absolute crawl. It may be granted that the running of the steamer is very much more flexible than that of the petrol-propelled vehicle—it is, if I may be permitted to put it that way, as silk is to buckram. But it is a case of being unable to have it both ways, and the way I see it is that the motor-car is, and must be, a series of compromises if we are to get good results. The internal-combustion engine as a prime mover is a better all-round

(Continued overleaf.)

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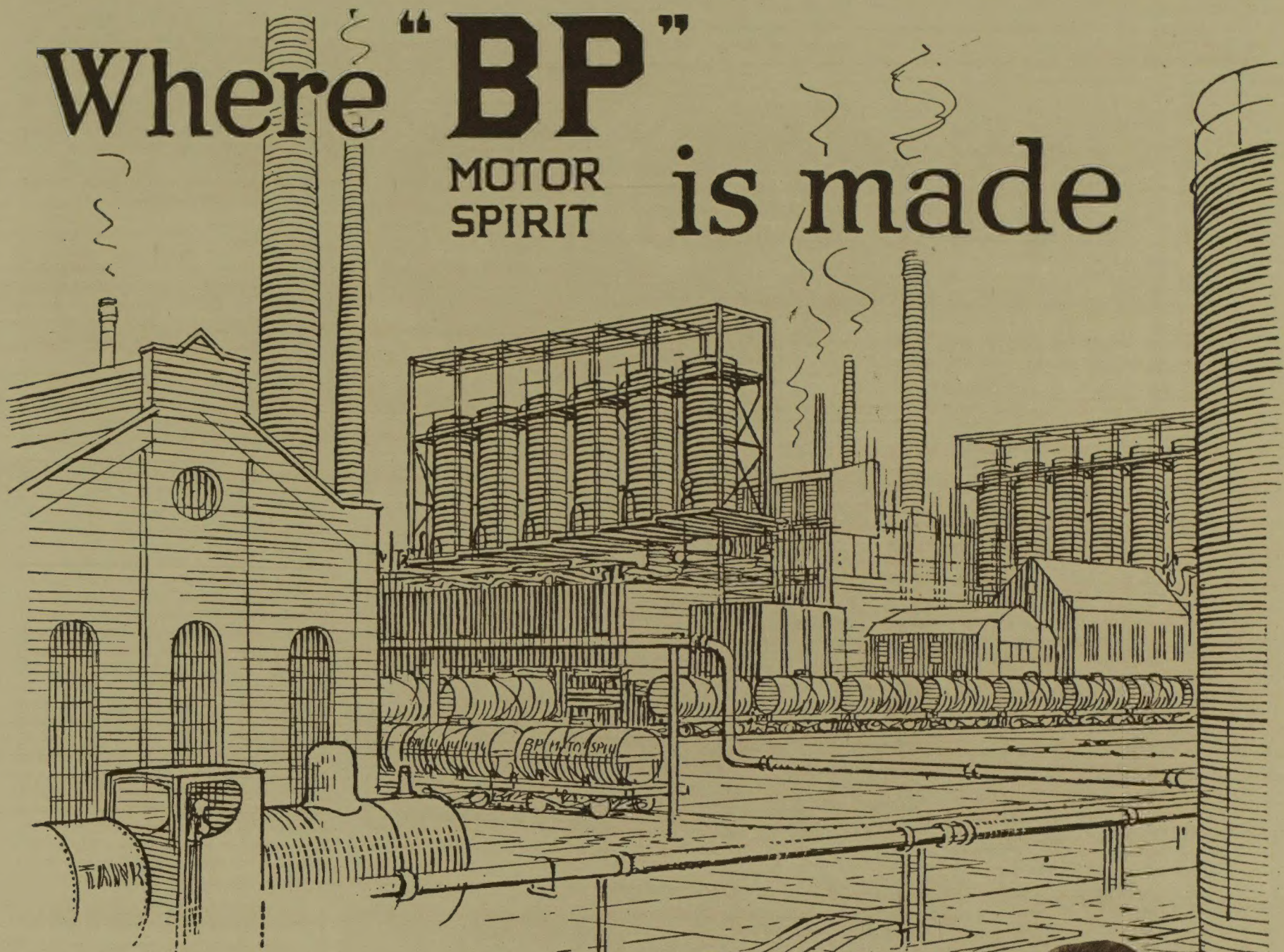
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(Continued.)

compromise than the steam-engine plus its steam-generating plant, and therefore will continue in favour until something better is devised. Whether this will be a steamer is possibly an open question. If it is to be, however, some disabilities which one regards as fundamental and inseparable from the type will have to be overcome.

#### Auxiliary Air-Inlets.

I am a firm believer in the fitting of auxiliary air-inlets as an aid to fuel economy. I cannot remember ever having owned a car which I did not fit with one of these "gadgets," and which was not all the better for it. I have lately been able to carry out a long trial (extending over some 400-odd miles covered during a week-end) of a Bowden extra air-valve fitted to my 10-15-h.p. Fiat. *Imprimis*, the Fiat is not remarkably good in its fuel-consumption, and quite early I substituted a Zenith carburettor for the one fitted as standard. This gave me a remarkable increase of economy, and I was able to get about thirty miles to the gallon on long journeys. The trip over which I took my last consumption figures was from London to Hythe, in Kent; from Hythe, by way of Battle, Lewes, Brighton, Arundel, and Chichester, to Ringwood; and thence back to London by way of Winchester, Guildford, Reigate, and Horley—a détour made for a special purpose. My mileage recorder showed that we had travelled 402.2 miles, and the fuel-consumption, carefully measured, was exactly eleven gallons, using a mixture of two-thirds petrol to one-third benzol. This I make to be an average of 36½ miles to the gallon, which is certainly very good indeed, as most Fiat owners will agree, and it is a tribute to the economy worked by the extra air-inlet. Incidentally, the carburettor setting is 17 choke tube, 85 main jet, and 70 compensator.

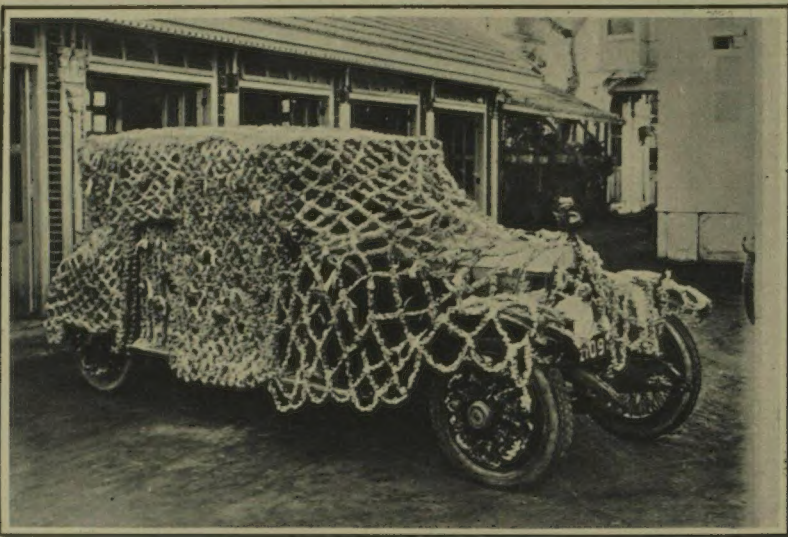
Motorists and Yugo-Slavia. The Automobile Association is informed by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs that an Order has been issued by the Serb-Croat-Slovene Government stopping all communication by car

across the frontier of the kingdom. Cars can only enter Yugo-Slavia from Italy, Austria, Hungary, Roumania, Bulgaria, and Greece, through special

places connected with these countries by rail or water, where chief Custom Houses of the first and second class are located. When leaving the country, exit by road is prohibited. The Order applies also to the import and export of cars. Exception to the new regulation will only be made in the case of special permission granted by the General Directorate of Yugo-Slavia. Motorists desirous of visiting Yugo-Slavia with their cars can obtain all necessary advice and information from the Automobile Association (Head Office), Fanum House, Whitcomb Street, London, W.C.2.



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A FLOWER-GARLANDED ROLLS-ROYCE: AN INDIAN GENTLEMAN'S CAR ON THE OCCASION OF HIS SON'S WEDDING.

**A Bean Victory.** In the revised results of the recent Midland Car Club's trial from Birmingham to Holyhead and back, the cup presented by the late Mr. P. J. Evans for the best performance in the class for standard touring cars of over 1600 c.c. goes to Mr. Harold Goodwin, who drove an 11.9-h.p. Bean. W. W.

"The Ansonia Sunwatch," or "Tickless Timepiece," which is now coming on to the British market, is a remarkable little instrument, rendering its possessor quite independent of ordinary watches or clocks for time-telling. It is a pocket sundial, to which is fitted a compass enabling the wearer to take his bearings anywhere in Great Britain or Ireland, and have sun-time at a glance. The principle on which it is operated is quite interesting, and for young people—particularly Boy Scouts and Girl Guides—it is distinctly educational. It must prove invaluable to campers, fishermen and travellers, for, while an ordinary watch is liable to stop, run down, or tell the wrong hour, the sun never fails—when he condescends to show himself. Enormous quantities are in use in the United States, and the first shipments of the article, adapted to the British Isles, are now coming to hand. The "Sunwatch" is presented in a small satin-finished brass case, to fit the pocket, and can be obtained of all leading opticians, jewellers and stores. The manufacturers are the Ansonia Clock Company, of 23, Fore Street, London, E.C.2.

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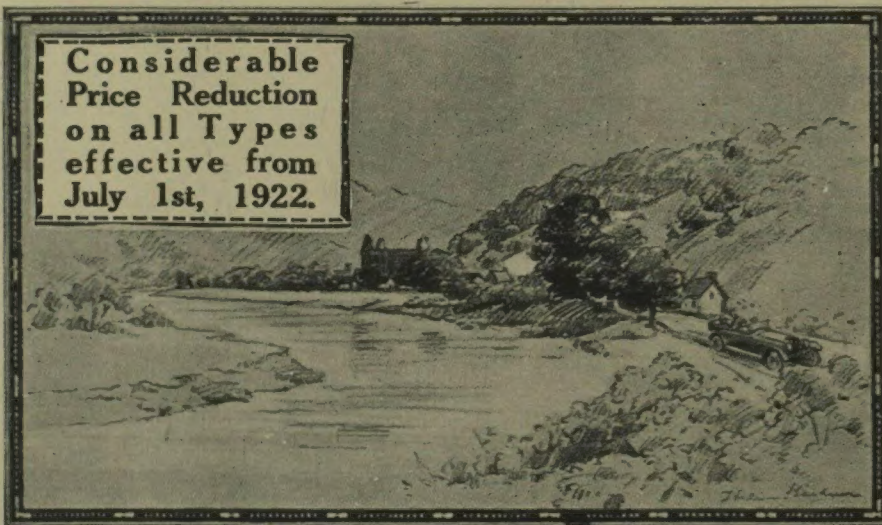
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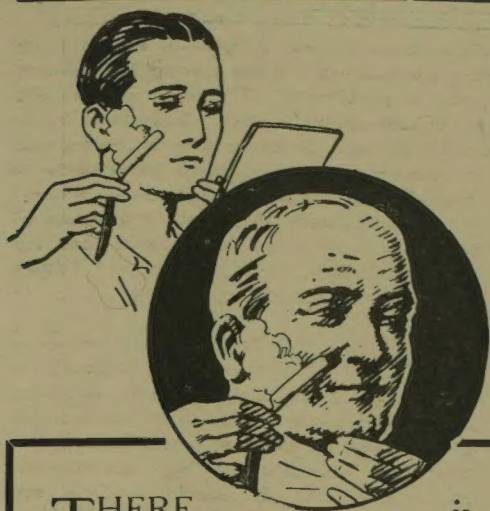
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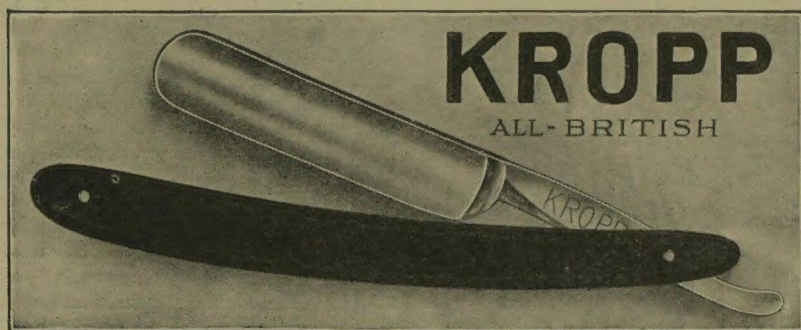




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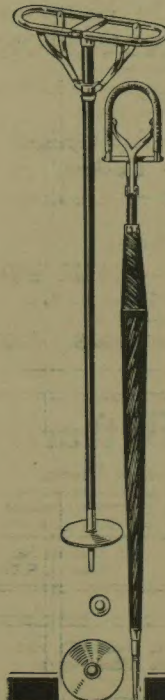
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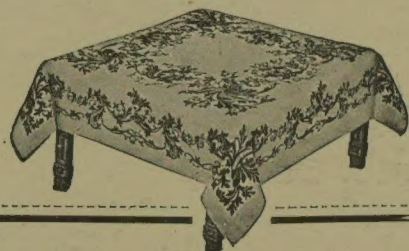


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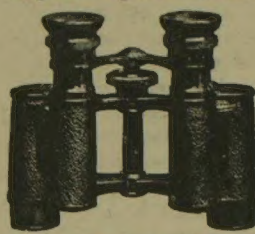
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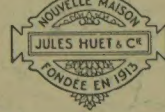
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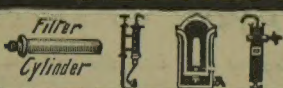
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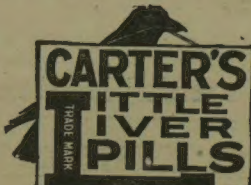
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